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CONTENTS.

REVIEWS:	PAGE
Mr. Stephen Phillips's Poetry	3
The Birth of Virginia	4
John Nicholson	5
Architect & Engineer	6
Masters of Medicine	7
Wild Life and Photography	8
Armchair Books	8
BRIEF MENTION	9
NOTES AND NEWS	11
REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED:	
II., Walter Pater	13
THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS:	
IV., The New Poetry	14
PARIS LETTER	16
TALES OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS	16
THE WEEK	17
DRAMA	17
THE BOOK MARKET:	
New Books Received	18
CORRESPONDENCE	19
BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED	20
FICTION SUPPLEMENT	1-2

REVIEWS.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S POETRY.

Poems. By Stephen Phillips. (John Lane.)

IN 1890 Mr. Stephen Phillips was one of four friends who published at Oxford a slender brown-paper-covered pamphlet of poetry called *Primavera*. He was not the most undeniable poet of the four. Mr. Laurence Binyon, who also has since made a reputation, showed the more delicate accomplishment; Mr. A. S. Cripps, of whom we are sorry to have heard no more, the finer lyric impulse. But with *Christ in Hades*, which appeared some years later in Mr. Elkin Mathews's Shilling Garland, Mr. Phillips made a remarkable advance. The poem had qualities—a distinction and an individuality—which lifted it out of the category of minor verse, and attracted somewhat widespread attention. In the present volume *Christ in Hades* and its accompanying lyrics are reprinted, and to these are added some fifteen new pieces, which include two or three of considerable pretensions.

The next book published by a new writer after he has for the first time made his mark is always a critical one. Was that intoxicating success due only to the glamour of the novelty, or to that transient inspiration which, once at least in life, and generally in youth, comes to so many who have it not in them really to achieve greatness? or was it an index of vital and enduring gifts, of a creative temperament capable of progress, capable of control? Let us say at once that nothing in Mr. Phillips's new work appears to us to reach the level of *Christ in Hades*. Re-reading that fine poem, we are struck once again by its completeness and its rare literary qualities. To nobility of fundamental thought it adds an imaginative vision by which that shadowy world, half obscure, half defined, with its tremendous significant figures, is magnificently bodied forth. And the verse, fully in keeping with

its subject, has the Virgilian stateliness and the Virgilian simplicity. How grandly it opens!

"Keen as a blinded man, at dawn awake,
Smells in the dark the cold odour of earth;
Eastward he turns his eyes, and over him
A dreadful freshness exquisitely breathes;
The room is brightening, even his own face!
So the excluded ghosts in Hades felt
A waft of early sweet, and heard the rain
Of Spring beginning over them; they all
Stood still, and in each others' faces looked.
And restless grew their queen Persephone;
Who, like a child, dreading to be observed
By awful Dis, threw little glances down
Toward them, and understood them with her
eyes.
Perpetual dolour had as yet but drooped
The corners of her mouth; and in her hand
She held a bloom that had on earth a
name."

Note the precision and the pregnancy of the epithets. "The excluded ghosts": how much it says! And this is Mr. Phillips's manner throughout. Elaboration of epithet he eschews, and will work up to some single phrase or line, clear-cut and holding easily all its ample meaning. Surely a Virgilian trait! Thus in the ultimate line of the poem:

"The vault closed back, woe upon woe, the
wheel
Revolved, the stone rebounded; for that time
Hades her interrupted life resumed."

And again, in the fifth line of this simile:

"Just as a widower, that dreaming holds
His dead wife in his arms, not wondering,
So natural it appears; then starting up
With trivial words, or even with a jest,
Realises all the uncoloured dawn
And near his head the young bird in the
leaves
Stirring."

How should language, without the slightest strain, express more? It has an almost physical effect upon the reader, in the opening of the eyes, and the dilation of the heart.

Mr. Phillips has not as yet quite recaptured the note of *Christ in Hades*. Nevertheless his new work follows the same ideals, and, if it achieves less, is still profoundly interesting. The drop is, perhaps, chiefly in finish and distinction of style. The poems are nearly all in blank verse or heroic couplets, and the rhythm is often stiff and wooden; the careful distribution of inverted accents and resolved feet fails to give it the required spontaneity. We should think that just at present Mr. Phillips is not much preoccupied with questions of technique; he is more curious about what he has to say than about how he says it; and this in an age of confectionery verse must be imputed to him as a fault on the right side. There are plenty of writers to be careful how they say their nothings. Mr. Phillips's poetry, on the other hand, is primarily a thoughtful poetry. He is a psychologist, interested in nothing more than in the conduct of human souls, especially in the conduct of human souls when they put off the daily mask, and reveal themselves under the stress of some

overmastering emotion. Here is a study of such a sudden and momentary revelation:

"FACES AT A FIRE."

"Dazzled with watching how the swift fire
fled
Along the dribbling roof, I turned my head;
When lo, upraised beneath the lighted cloud
The illumed unconscious faces of the crowd!
An old grey face in lovely bloom upturned,
The ancient rapture and the dream returned!
A crafty face wondering simply up!
That dying face near the communion cup!
The experienced face, now venturesome and
rash,
The scheming eyes hither and thither flash!
That common trivial face made up of needs,
Now pale and recent from triumphal deeds!
The hungry tramp with indolent gloating
stare,
The beggar in glory and released from care.
A mother slowly burning with bare breast,
Yet her consuming child close to her prest!
That prosperous citizen in anguish dire,
Beseeching heaven from purgatorial fire!
Wonderful souls by sudden flame betrayed,
I saw; then through the darkness went
afraid."

So, for the most part, Mr. Phillips's psychology is less a psychology of processes than of crises, and his verse gathers tragic significance from the fate-fraught momentousness which such crises are wont to hold in life. Such a crisis is the theme, for instance, of what we think the finest of Mr. Phillips's new poems, "Marpessa." The story of Marpessa is the subject of one of the recently recovered Odes of Bacchylides. It is the inversion of the Judgment of Paris. Marpessa, the mortal maiden, must choose between her mortal lover, Idas, and her divine lover, Apollo. Each in turn pleads his cause. Apollo would assume Marpessa into the rhythm of the universe. She shall be associate to the labours of the sun:

"Thou shalt persuade the harvest and bring on
The deeper green; or silently attend
The fiery funeral of foliage old,
Connive with Time serene and the good hours.
Or—for I know thy heart—a dearer toil,
To lure into the air a face long sick,
To gild the brow that from its dead looks up.
To shine on the unforgiven of this world;
With slow sweet surgery restore the brain,
And to dispel shadows and shadowy fear."

Idas can offer no such splendid dowry; but he speaks the language of passionate human romance. Here Mr. Phillips touches his highest point of lyric rapture, in an apostrophe fulfilled, surely, with the very spirit of poetry:

"I love thee then"

Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose sweet in the night of life;
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair;
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of old cities; no, nor all
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange
sleep.
Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods;
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;

Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons; beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars.
O beauty lone and like a candle clear
In this dark country of the world! Thou art
My woe, my early light, my music dying."

Very beautiful too, full of fine thought and fine feeling, is the long speech in which Marpessa makes her choice, and, a woman, has the wisdom to accept the woman's destiny and miss the divinity's.

Personally, we think "Marpessa" a better poem than either "The Woman with the Dead Soul" or "The Wife." The aloofness of the setting becomes Mr. Phillips's classical manner; whereas the more modern poems, if they gain in poignancy, seem to us to suffer a more than proportionate loss in breadth and universality. On the other hand, they are perhaps more characteristic of the writer in their tragic, troubled outlook on life. "Marpessa" has the touch of melancholy which seems inevitably to cling about all modern reconstructions of classical myth, but it has not quite that keen sense of pain in human things to which Mr. Phillips shows himself elsewhere so profoundly sensitive. The poetic nature, by the very law of its being, vibrates between the pain of life and the joy of life. Mr. Phillips's nerves are attuned to respond with more unerring certainty to the stimulus of the former. In "The New *De Profundis*" he gives expression to the pain of that curious state of spiritual numbness or inertia—*Acedia* the mediæval moralists called it—to which the oppressive conditions of modern civilisation so frequently give birth:

"I am discouraged by the street,
The pacing of monotonous feet;
Faces of all emotion purged;
From nothing unto nothing urged;
The living men that shadows go,
A vain procession to and fro.
The earth an unreal course doth run,
Haunted by a phantasmal sun."

And a large place is occupied in his verse by the more obvious, more comprehensively human pain of *desiderium*, of regret for personal loss, for death. Death and the after-death are stimulant to his imagination: he "sends his soul into the invisible, some lesson of that after-life to spell," would give shape and form to dim visions of that phantasmal world. He has indeed the cosmic imagination; witness his dignified lines on Milton, large with something of Milton's own large movement, wherein he conceives the poet is blinded so that he might better see the whole.

"He gave thee back original night, His own
Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,
Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang.
O blinded with a special lightning, thou
Hadst once again the virgin Dark!"

In "Beautiful Death" Mr. Phillips deliberately poses the problem of death: would find compensations and "huge amends" in

the thought—call it fancy, rather—that the dead, unseen, silently, are working for the living, have become part of all the sweet terrene influences, givers of light and health.

"Thou maiden with the silent speckless ways,
On plant or creature squandering thy heart;
Thou in caresses large shalt spend thy life,
Conspiring with the summer plans of lovers,
scant

From evening hedge the walk of boy and girl.

Thou merchant, or thou clerk, hard driven,
urged

For ever on bright iron, timed by bells,
Shalt mellow fruit in the serene noon air,
With rivulets of birds through fields of light,
Causing to fall the indolent misty peach.

Then thou, disturbed so oft, shalt make for peace;

Thou who didst injure, heal, and sew, and bless;

Thou who didst mar, shalt make for perfect health;

Thou, so unlucky, fall with fortunate rain."

Well, it is a beautiful idea, but it does not carry conviction. The personal craving will not be drugged by this hope of impersonal immortality, nor will

"lose calmly Love's great bliss,
When the renewed for ever of a kiss
Sounds through the listless hurricane of hair."

That is Mr. Meredith; but, in truth, Mr. Phillips has answered himself, for what is the aspiration of "Beautiful Death" but the sophistry of "Marpessa," the sophistry which the unspoiled humanity of the maiden is clear-sighted enough to blow away. And in an earlier lyric is another exquisite refutation:

"O thou art put to many uses, sweet!
Thy blood will urge the rose and surge in Spring;
But yet! . . .

And all the blue of thee will go to the sky,
And all thy laughter to the rivers run;
But yet! . . .

Thy tumbling hair will in the West be seen,
And all thy trembling bosom in the dawn:
But yet! . . .

Thy briefness in the dewdrop shall be hung,
And all the frailness of thee on the foam;
But yet! . . .

Thy soul shall be upon the moonlight spent,
Thy mystery spread upon the evening mere,
And yet!"

Mr. Phillips provokes argument, but argument is not criticism, except in so far as it is homage to the sincerity, the justness, the worthiness of the poet's thought. And among all the young poets who are his contemporaries no one is more interesting to us than Mr. Phillips. He has not yet come to his inheritance; but he has that in him which may go very far. He has seriousness of purpose, and the essentially poetic way of looking at things, interpretative sympathy and that fine imaginative insight which can afford to disperse with the surface of things and go straight to the heart of them. We trust that he will take *Christ in Hades* as his standard, and will be content with nothing which does not at least equal that, alike in individuality of outlook and in the perfect fusion of matter into form which is that indefinable, inimitable, undeniable thing, style.

THE BIRTH OF VIRGINIA.

Old Virginia and Her Neighbours. By John Fiske. (Macmillan & Co.)

To most Englishmen we suspect the name Virginia chiefly suggests tobacco. And they are not so far wrong. Mr. Moncure Conway, himself a Virginian, has declared that "a true history of tobacco would be the history of English and American liberty." Certainly, it would be the history of Virginia. It was not tobacco, however, but treasure which tempted Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Raleigh to undertake their first expedition to North America in 1578. No doubt they hoped to emulate Spain, which by that time had taken from her colonies gold and silver amounting to nearly £1,000,000,000. The expedition turned out disastrously and Gilbert sank with his ship; but six years later Raleigh sent out another expedition, which landed in the country now known as North Carolina. The Indian who was asked the name of his country replied, "Win-gan-da-coa," which signified "What pretty clothes you wear." This name Queen Elizabeth, when the explorers reported it to her, transformed into Virginia.

After the first colony had been murdered by the Indians, Raleigh assigned the rights of trading in Virginia to a company of which the Rev. Richard Hakluyt was the most remarkable member. Though his own travels did not extend much further than Paris, he had listened with profit to the tales of all the travellers who went in and out of Bristol, and seems to have known by intuition the course which should be adopted by the colonists in choosing their headquarters and in dealing with the natives. He declared with prophetic insight that America would form a great market for English wares and a home for the thousands of labourers who were even then losing their employment owing to the substitution of pastoral for arable land. The paper of instructions which he drew up for the use of the settlers might have been the outcome of many years of personal experience of savage lands, so much to the point is his advice. No better man than Captain John Smith could have been found to carry out his admirable precepts. In service with Sigismund Bathori, Prince of Transylvania, he had met and killed three Turks successively in single combat, and received from the Prince a coat-of-arms with three Turks' heads in a shield. The Turks had their revenge later on, for they captured him, and sold him into slavery. He was dressed in the skin of a wild beast, and had an iron collar about his neck, but managed to kill the brutal Pasha who owned him and to escape into Russia, and thence, after further adventures in Germany, France, Spain, and Morocco, to England, just in time to take part in the expedition to Virginia, in 1607.

The explorers landed on May 13 in Hampton Roads, and built a fort, afterwards known as Jamestown. The Indians lurking in the long grass, and picking off the garrison with their barbed stone-tipped arrows—"sniping" in fact—were very annoying, and disease and starvation soon

also assailed the intruders, while quarrels among the leaders, begun on board ship, continued on land. In January, 1608, Smith, who had been very active in trading with the Indians for corn, was captured by a party of the Powhatans, and would probably have suffered death had not the chief's young daughter, Pocahontas, rushed up and embraced him, and laid her head upon his to shield him; whereupon her father spared his life. This picturesque story has always furnished a battle-ground for historians. Bancroft, in the first edition of his history, gave it in all good faith. Charles Deane, in his *Notes on Wingfield's Discourse of Virginia*, published at Boston in 1859, attacked it so fiercely that Bancroft was induced to leave it out in subsequent editions, though by a curious oversight a reference to it was allowed to remain in the index. Eventually, it was once more restored to the body of the text. Mr. Fiske has examined the story in some detail, and comes to the conclusion that it is true, chiefly on the ground that in 1624, when Smith first published it, there were plenty of people who knew the facts to contradict it if it were false, and that "without it the subsequent relations of the Indian girl with the English colony became incomprehensible; but for her friendly services on more than one occasion the tiny settlement would probably have perished."

Times were very hard, as it was. A good many of the settlers were "gentlemen," who did their best to learn wood cutting, but

"the axes so oft blistered their tender fingers that many times every third blow had a loud othe to drwne the echo; for remedie of which sinne the President devised how to have every man's othes numbred, and at night for every othe to have a cann of water powred downe his sleeue, with which every offender was so washed (himselfe and all) that a man should scarce hear an othe in a weeke."

Soon somebody discovered a bank of bright yellow dirt, and "there was no thought, no discourse, no hope, and no work but to dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold." Captain Newport carried a load of the stuff to London, only to find that all is not gold that glitters, and that the coop of plump turkeys which he also carried, "the first that ever graced an English bill of fare," was far more valuable. The energy thus dissipated would have been far better devoted to agriculture, for the Indians were beginning to withhold their corn, "with a doggedness that refused even the potent fascination of blue glass beads"; and it required all Smith's ingenuity and pluck to obtain supplies, while a warning from Pocahontas alone saved him and his companions from massacre. Fortunately the Indians were in mortal terror of the white men's firearms.

"A couple of accidents confirmed this view of the case. One day, as three of the Chickahominy tribe were loitering about Jamestown admiring the rude fortifications, one of them stole a pistol and fled to the woods with it. His two comrades were arrested, and one was held in durance, while the other was sent out to recover the pistol. He was made to understand that if he failed to bring it back the

hostage would be put to death. As it was intensely cold, some charcoal was charitably furnished for the prisoner's hut. In the evening his friend returned with the pistol, and then the prisoner was found apparently dead, suffocated with the fumes of the charcoal, whereupon the friend broke forth into loud lamentations. But the Englishmen soon perceived that some life was still left in the unconscious and prostrate form, and Smith told the wailing Indian that he should restore his friend to life, only there must be no more stealing. Then, with brandy and vinegar and friction, the failing heart and arteries were stimulated to their work, the dead savage came to life, and the two comrades, each with a small present of copper, went on their way rejoicing. The other affair was more tragic. An Indian at Werowocomoco had got possession of a bag of gunpowder, and was playing with it while his comrades were pressing closely about him, when all at once it took fire and exploded, killing three or four of the group and scorching the rest. Whereupon, our chronicler tells us, "these and other such pretty accidents so amazed and affrighted Powhatan and all his people that from all parts with presents they desired peace, returning many stolen things which we never demanded nor thought of; and after that . . . all the country became absolutely as free for us as for themselves."

Meanwhile the London company had been reorganised, the list of its new members being headed by the name of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, and it now sent a new expedition, under Captain Newport, to the relief of the colonists. But Newport's ship, the *Sea Venture*, was wrecked upon the "still vext Bermoothes," and only a portion—and they not the most desirable—of the new settlers reached Jamestown. Soon after their arrival Smith had to go home invalided, and then ensued a terrible period, which Mr. Fiske calls "the starving time."

"After the last basket of corn had been devoured, people lived for a while on roots and herbs, after which they had recourse to cannibalism. The corpse of a slain Indian was boiled and eaten. Then the starving company began cooking their own dead. One man killed his wife and salted her. . . . No wonder that one poor wretch, crazed with agony, cast his Bible into the fire, crying, 'Alas! there is no God!'"

At length some sixty souls, the haggard remnant of 500 that Smith had left, determined to try and make their way to Newfoundland. They dismantled their cabins, and were sailing in pinnaces down the ever-widening James River when a black speck was seen far below on the broad waters of Hampton Roads. It was the Governor's own longboat bearing a message that his three well-stocked ships had passed Point Comfort, with himself on board.

Thenceforward the history of Virginia is smoother. Tobacco-planting was introduced with such success that soon it ousted almost every other form of agriculture. The sole currency was tobacco; even the parson's annual salary was 16,000 pounds of tobacco; fines were paid in tobacco. Charles I. tried to make himself the sole consignee of the colony's greatest product, and Cromwell passed a Navigation Act which forbade the importation of goods into England except in English or Colonial bottoms, and, as enforced by

later rulers, produced much discontent. For though James I. had taken away the Company's charter, and Charles I. had appointed Royal Governors, the House of Burgesses continued to exhibit the "virus of liberty" inherent in English blood. The local laws were, however, somewhat paternal. An unmarried man was taxed according to his apparel; a married man—this is indeed drastic—according to his own and his wife's apparel. An attempt was even made to put down flirting by an enactment which provided that

"what man or woman soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage to two several persons at once should for such their offence either undergo corporal correction (by whipping) or be punished by fine or otherwise."

We have left ourselves no room to speak of Mr. Fiske's interesting account of the settlement of Maryland, which was a "Palatinate" founded on the model of Durham, and of the subsequent history of the various States. His pages show clearly how the institution of slavery was the direct result of the tobacco industry, and how the plantation system tended to differentiate the population into three classes—the planters, the negroes, and the "mean whites." His book is a storehouse of facts relating to the government, history, and customs of Virginia and her neighbours. If we have a complaint against him it is that he has filled it almost too full of interesting details, so that the main lines of development are sometimes rather hard to follow. That is the sole blemish upon a work which is as entertaining as it is instructive.

JOHN NICHOLSON.

The Life of John Nicholson; Soldier and Administrator. Based on Private and Hitherto Unpublished Documents. By Captain L. J. Trotter. (John Murray.)

THE name of John Nicholson was probably unknown to the present generation until it was widely blazoned, only within the last year or two, by Mrs. Steele's novel of the Indian Mutiny, *On the Face of the Waters*, and by Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*. It is, therefore, in happy time that Captain Trotter has issued this full Life of a man concerning whom latter-day curiosity has been much piqued, and who appears to fulfil more completely than any other Englishman of the century both the simple and romantic ideal and the practical and philosophic notion of the Hero in Action. It puts no slight upon the admirable and industrious biography of Captain Trotter—at any rate, we do not mean it as such—to say that his method of putting together the material he has acquired and his style of writing are not equal to the magnificence of his subject; for to write adequately of the Hero and Demigod you need the Poet. And Captain Trotter, for all his admiration of Nicholson and his assiduity in collecting all the facts that can be gleaned of Nicholson's career,

is lacking not only in the rhythm and eloquence of the Poet, but also in the far more valuable quality of imagination—that force of imagination which melts multitudinous hard detail in its own fire and runs it into the shape of life.

Although Captain Trotter's own efforts in style achieve no more than worn *clichés* and tags of verse for picturesque narrative and decoration, some of the letters he quotes, written by men of vigour and perspicacity (and "not necessarily for publication," the thought of which has the effect of panic on many capable men) are a refreshment and an illumination. Two years before the Mutiny Herbert Edwardes wrote thus to an inquiring friend concerning Nicholson:

"Of what class is John Nicholson the type? Of a new one; for truly he stands alone. But he belongs essentially to the school of Henry Lawton. I only knocked down the walls of the Bannu forts, John Nicholson has since reduced the people—the most ignorant, depraved, and bloodthirsty in the Punjab—to such a state of good order and respect for the laws that, in the last year of his charge, not only was there no murder, burglary, or highway robbery, but not even an attempt at any of those crimes. The Bannuchis, reflecting on their own metamorphosis, in the village gatherings under the vines, by the streams they once delighted to fight for, have come to the conclusion that the good Muhammadans of historic ages must have been like *Nikalsains*. They emphatically approve him as every inch a *hâkim* (master or lord). And so he is. It is difficult to describe him; he must be seen. Lord Dalhousie—no mean judge—perhaps best summed up his high military and administrative qualities when he called him 'a tower of strength.' I can only say that I think him equally fit to be commissioner of a division or general of an army."

Take further these words of Colonel Becher, written upon Nicholson's famous death after the storming of Delhi:

"Foremost in all brave counsels, in all glorious audacity, in all that marked a true soldier, so admirable was our dear friend, John Nicholson. From the beginning of the great storm his was the course of a meteor. His noble nature shone brighter and brighter through every cloud, bringing swift and sure punishments to rebellion, wherever it raised its front in the Punjab, carrying confidence and new vigour to the walls of Delhi, triumphant in the greatest fight that preceded the assault; the admiration of all the force. His genius foresaw the sure success: his undaunted courage carried the breach. He fell, the greatest hero we have had, loved and mourned through all India. Glorious fellow! . . . How proud must his mother feel that God gave her such a son, even though he was so soon taken away!"

Nicholson was thirty-five when he died at Delhi of his wound. He went to India at the age of seventeen, and he was only two years older when he underwent a long and terrible imprisonment in Afghanistan after the disaster to our arms there in 1841. Ever after Nicholson had the extreme distrust and hatred of the Afghans. Himself of the nicest honour and the simplest sincerity, he declares he "cannot describe their character in language sufficiently strong. . . . From the highest to the lowest, every man of them would sell both country and relations. . . . The surest mode of apprehending a criminal was to tamper with

his nearest friends and relations." After that, although he saw a good deal of service and won recognition in the two Sikh wars, it was mainly as administrator of certain districts of the conquered Punjab that he earned his unique fame, until the appalling and lurid episode of the Mutiny; and it is precisely in that administrative period that we get the most blurred and flat picture of the hero. And the reason is that that period is most cumbered with detail, not only in fact, but also in its exposition here. It was then that Nicholson won and exhibited his singular influence over the natives. But we see little and feel less of such influence until well through the volume we come upon one or two anecdotes characteristic of his dealing with the natives, whether prince or peasant.

But, after all, it is not difficult to understand the springs of Nicholson's god-like reputation among the tribes of the Punjab. His handsome, gigantic figure, his boundless energy, his wrath, his justice, his tenderness to the poor and feeble, his severity in punishment and his grim humour withal, his generosity in reward and his carelessness of himself,—all these things, as well as his swiftness in the act of war and his fiery personal courage, clearly marked him out to be the idol and the hero of simple, brave, and semi-barbarous tribes. The story has been told before how he was so adored and worshipped that, in 1849, a Hindu devotee discovered him to be "a new Avatar, or incarnation of the Brahmanic godhead," and how thus a new creed and a new sect were founded of *Nikalsains*. But, we imagine, the story has not been told before which Captain Trotter quotes from Sir Donald Macnabb of the singular and touching behaviour of the *Nikalsains* on the death of Nicholson. There is no space to quote it here, but it may be read in its proper place in Captain Trotter's volume.

And, in fine, it is due to Captain Trotter to repeat that, if we are somewhat disappointed with his work, it is not that his performance is so poor and small as that his subject is so rich and great. Some day Mr. Rudyard Kipling may think it worth his while to attempt a portrait of John Nicholson which we can "see all round."

ARCHITECT v. ENGINEER.

Modern Architecture: a Book for Architects and the Public. By H. Heathcote Statham. (Chapman & Hall.)

In this book Mr. Statham has chosen for the most part to make a *liber aureus* of creditable achievement. In addition to his example and his criticisms of contemporary work Mr. Statham expounds some principles which are the seeds from which only really fine results can spring. True architectural design, he says, is a kind of symbolism; it may merely symbolise the interior arrangements of the building; but in a sense more poetical it may symbolise moods of feeling or of association—"power, gloom, grace, gaiety, gracefulness." Every detail should express an idea which shall combine, like

the words of a sonnet, with the many others that will crowd around, to form the harmonious symbol of the dominant intention. Mr. Statham cites an instance of this "architectural characterisation." At the Paris Exhibition of 1889 he wished to find the pavilion of the Pastellists. "All at once I caught sight of it a little way off: there was no notice that I could read from where I was, but I had no doubt of the building and went straight to it." He then describes the treatment of detail by which the ultimate expression of the motive was achieved. He applies the theory of symbolism to many of the buildings he has illustrated, and points to modern architects who have written large on their exterior elevations the objects of the structures. He notes that a church almost expresses itself: a very gifted architect of our day may have had this in his mind when he said: "O! any fool can design a church." From base to chimney summit a building should be an organism: to remove one feature should produce the same effect as a wound upon the body; it may be remembered that, some years ago, the urns that mark the receding stages of the tower of St. Mary-le-Strand were taken down; the effect was so painful that the parish rebelled and new vases of the old design were hauled aloft to their stone resting-places.

Mr. Statham rightly insists on the need of good planning; it is the first process in the creation of the organic whole; a plan well thought out goes far to secure the perfection of the completed structure. The making of clever plans is one of the few arts that have really flourished in our days. The growing up of new municipalities and the development of old ones, the demand therefore for town halls; the luxurious habits of the people, who have mansions built for them; the system of housing families in flats, the growth of hotels; all these and many other causes have produced a school of planning to which there has hitherto been no parallel. Never before was so much ingenuity needed nor so much thought expended on the compacting of plans. The complication of services; in towns the irregularity and construction of sites; and, in other cases, the novelty of requirements have vitalised the dry bones of the old conventional system of plan, and introduced possibilities of internal effects and exterior symbolism to which the older architects were never called. Elaborate plans are among our few originalities. Unfortunately, a lovely plan can, in most cases, only appeal to the expert. To be able to draw a competent plan is almost in itself a sufficient art; it is to create logical and geometric beauty; to have drawn it is to have made a picture; to set it out on the site is to capture an intellectual and practical delight which will not depart until the completion of the structure. The glory of the plan, as has been hinted, is so obscured by technicalities that it can be fully felt only by the initiate; still, such a plan as that of the Paris Hôtel de Ville—shown by Mr. Statham—should appeal, by its intrinsic dignity and charm, to that appalling majority who know nothing about architecture. It is sad to think how many cultivated people wander through the streets of cities and

cannot distinguish good design from bad. How many persons know the only fine front in Piccadilly? How many ever think about the fragment of Whitehall? Do people often note the vista through the arches of Somerset House? Why is so much beautiful work lost in the Shaftesbury Fountain? Only the few could give the reason why.

Therefore such books as this of Mr. Statham, dealing with principles, are so useful, if the people will only read them; but architecture seems a stern study to those who are not strongly called to it, or who are engrossed in other pursuits. It is, however, a strange fact that one great profession which should be kind and kindred is, in effect, actively hostile. The civil engineer who builds in iron is a product of this century; his masterliness in construction, his powers of invention, his skill in satisfying the needs he has created, have gained for him a position which is new and amazing. The scientific spirit being clear as to its objects, keen in its analysis, and irrefutable in its deductions, has captivated many strong minds. Science unadorned, exultant and intolerant, has wrenched from architecture provinces of labour; indifferent to ugliness, it has set utility in high places, and, satisfied with its own ingenuity, has, with much success, eliminated beauty. In London Bridge you see the now excluded architect; in the railway viaduct at Charing Cross you view the engineer unashamed. Mr. Aitchison, A.R.A., in one of his Royal Academy lectures, said: "Science that in mediæval days was in the mire is now at the top of the wheel, while art is in the mud." And, again: "So far as I know there is no *a priori* reason why art and science should not flourish together, although in later times we know they have not." Thus we live in the age of the unaided engineer, since science has willed it so. Mr. Statham warns students against the argument of some architectural critics that such great structures as the Forth Bridge are the real architectural works of the modern period. He admits that the great intellectual triumphs of the present era have been in scientific invention and not in artistic creation. He lays it down as an axiom that it is not until we get beyond the merely utilitarian aim that we enter the domain of architecture in the best sense of the word. He says: "With whatever new materials we have to deal, architecture must still remain the art of producing what is beautiful and expressive in building, which involves a great deal more than the mere question of economic structure." Thus the Forth Bridge is not art but a problem in cantilevers.

MASTERS OF MEDICINE.

John Hunter. By Stephen Paget.

William Harvey. By D'Arcy Power.

Sir James Y. Simpson. By H. Laing Gordon. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE idea of a series of short popular medical biographies was a good one; and the three volumes before us make a capital

beginning. Each Life is gripped sympathetically. Mr. Paget, for instance, tells the story of Hunter's breathless career with the right gallop, the right amount of anecdote—anecdote being so swift in its revelation. Hunter was one of those men who solve the riddles of life by hurrying on. Mr. Paget compares him with Swift, who "tore through life." He did not even play at cards. "Come to me to-morrow morning, young gentleman," he said to a budding surgeon newly arrived in London, "and I will put you in the way of things; come early in the morning, as soon after four as you can." The youngster kept the appointment, and found Hunter dissecting beetles. His thirst to learn and to teach were equally insatiable. When need was, he could quarrel; and then he would keep twenty men at bay and do his work calmly the while; witness the story of his struggle to improve the medical teaching of St. George's Hospital, which he joined six years after its foundation. He fed his enthusiasm with endless acquisitions of natural history specimens—quick and dead; but the story of his collection is an old one. His letters to Jenner will be immortal in the profession. They quiver with haste and eagerness:

"Dear Jenner,—I received yours, as also the cuckoo's stomach." . . . "Dear Jenner,—I am always plaguing you with letters, but you are the only man I can apply to. I put three hedgehogs in the garden, and put meat in different places for them to eat as they went along; but they all di-d. N-w, I want to know what this is owing to." . . . "Dear Jenner,—I received yours with the heron's legs."

Once he rushed into a bookseller's shop and said:

"Mr. N—, lend me five pounds and you shall go halves!"

"Halves in what?"

"Why, halves in a magnificent tiger which is now dying in Castle-street."

"Don't think, try; be patient; be accurate," was his motto; and, in a large degree, it has been the broad motto of the medical profession since Hunter died. He left to his fellow-men achievements which even Mr. Paget hardly tries to estimate, and a collection which so embarrassed them that it lay for thirteen years in his house in Leicester-square before a scheme could be framed for dealing with it. Hunter found time to marry happily. In 1859 Frank Buckland sought for and found Hunter's coffin in the vaults of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the great anatomist was then laid in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey.

It is pleasant, in turning to the second and third volumes in this series, to find them written with the same quick apprehension of the charm of their subjects. Mr. D'Arcy Power is alive to the even, stately progress which Harvey kept through life under King and Commonwealth. We see him in his zenith, riding out from Ludgate to visit his patients, as Aubrey saw him, "on horseback with a foot-cloth, his man still following on foot, as the fashion then was, which was very decent." Maybe Shakespeare stood still to

see the courtly physician, who had discovered the circulation of the blood, go past. Maybe Harvey passed Bacon in the narrow street, and bowed coldly to the man who, he said, "wrote philosophy like a Lord Chancellor." We see Harvey again, as Lumleian lecturer, presiding over a "public anatomy," with its quaint and turgid ceremonial, at Amen Corner. We follow him with Charles I. to Scotland, where he would steal away from the glittering court to the Bass Rock to pick up eggs, and solve, if he could, the problem of incubation; or, later, to Edgemoor, where, during the battle, he took charge of the two boys, aged twelve and ten years, who afterwards reigned as Charles II. and James II. Best of all, in the sunset of his life we find him sitting on the leads of Cockayne House, in the City, "for the indulgence of his fancy," or expounding, in wise and learned talk, to Janssen. He could look back on a life that answered to his fine motto, "*Dii laboribus omnia vendunt*" ("For toil the gods sell everything"); yet so modest he was, that Janssen could write: "Our Harvey . . . has not comported himself like those who, when they publish, would have us believe that an oak had spoken, and that they had merited the rarest honours—a draught of hen's milk, at the least." Mr. Power makes a lucky comparison between Harvey and Hunter. They had, indeed, much in common. Harvey loved to cut up animals: "his lectures show an intimate acquaintance with more than sixty kinds." Aubrey says he dissected toads; and when the Parliamentary soldiery rifled his house, his chief sorrow was the loss of many observations on the generation of insects. Like Hunter, Harvey was a short, choleric man, a born collector, an ardent comparative anatomist; less eager, perhaps (there has been only one Hunter), but better bred—a finer and a courtlier man.

The third volume before us carries us into that world of Edinburgh medicine which has produced so many great doctors. Sir James Young Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, rose from humble life in a Linlithgowshire village. The villagers always said he would do great things, for was he not a seventh son? And so heartily did he work and play as a boy that he was known as the "wise wean." He came to be a veritable king of medicine. In 1845, when he paid a professional visit to London, society rose to greet him, and boys sold his Life in the streets.

Simpson did more than promote health, he irradiated it. His consulting practice grew to enormous dimensions. He was gloriously unmethodical, and so careless of money that he would wrap professional or antiquarian specimens in bank-notes, and his valet had to empty his pockets each night of the money with which he had carelessly filled them during the day. Nor was he less than independent:

"When I called for Simpson," says one of his friends, "his two reception rooms were as usual full of patients, more were seated in the lobby, female faces stared from all the windows in vacant expectancy, and a lady was ringing the door-bell. But the doctor brushed through

the crowd to join me, and left them all kicking their heels for the next two hours."

The personal magnetism of the man was immense: he had the "Heracleian cheerfulness and courage" which Robert Louis Stevenson ascribed to doctors. Mr. Gordon tells the story of his "Fight for Anæsthesia" in one stirring chapter, showing us how Simpson met the medical, the moral, and the religious objections to chloroform. In Scotland the religious objections were as strong as any, and were analogous to those raised against threshing machines by the Scottish farmers who had for generations tossed their corn on shovels. But Simpson could quote Scripture, and he silenced his opponents with the text: "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam; and he slept; and He took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof."

We have but dipped into these biographies; but they are racy enough to tempt columns of quotation. They are not too long. They are bound in as gay a fashion as many novels, and they are more readable than most.

WILD LIFE AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

With Nature and a Camera. By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. Illustrated by Pictures from Photographs by Cherry Kearton. (Cassell & Co.)

WHEN Mr. Richard Kearton, some years ago, produced his book about British birds' nests it was seen that he had seized upon a method for taking full advantage of that re-awakened love of nature characteristic of the town-dwelling modern. He was the first to show what photography could do by representing young birds and eggs and nests *in situ*, and his writing, too, is in a sense photographic. That is, it is uninformed by the spirit and poetry of nature. You do not catch him dropping his camera "to feel back into the centuries"; when he is searching for the merlin or watching the kestrel on down and moor he is not distracted by curiosity about "the man in the barrow," who so long ago also saw the wild hawk striking the partridge, and the butterfly fluttering on its love flight; he does not stop to wonder at his own ego, and reflect that the wind will blow and the brook will sing and the rain fall, when his eye sees no longer, just as they did thousands of years before he was born. In a sense, the writer is lucky not to be perplexed by such thoughts: they endear him only to the few across whose minds similar speculations have flashed; they make dull, uncomprehended reading for the many who prefer a material fact, illustrated by an exact picture. But the grosser taste in itself is perfectly sane and wholesome. The healthy average man is not to be blamed for living only in the present minute and caring nothing for "the man in the barrow," and thinking little of the wider beauty and mystery of life. It is something to be thankful for when a writer like Mr. Kearton comes forward with wholesome and nourishing food for a robust

and healthy appetite. We may, and do, regret that a Jefferies was allowed to starve mainly because he stood upon a higher plane; but that would be a poor reason for refusing to acknowledge the candour and sincerity, and a kind of sunny youthfulness, with which this book is written. Taken within its own limits, it is wholly pleasant and admirable.

In the end it will probably be found that photography is not an ideal method for illustrating natural history, and that its province is rather to rectify the errors of the draughtsman than to supplant his work, but it is admirably adapted to the book before us. The author's aim is to describe the difficulties and adventures encountered while gathering material for his previous work. He explains that he and his brother are engaged in the city, but having been born and bred on the wild Yorkshire moors, and having imbibed a passion for outdoor life in childhood, they are in the habit, when holiday time comes round, of returning to the old pursuit. And their zeal has carried them into distant and little known haunts. The rarer birds, especially those of the sea, can only be studied in places difficult of access. They are protected and breed freely on the Farne Islands, which are now preserved for them. When in the neighbourhood, however, we rather wonder that the brothers did not penetrate inland as far as Pallinsburn, where the famous pond is a breeding-place of the black-headed gull (*larus ridibundus*) and has long been kept as a kind of sanctuary for wild fowl. Quite close at hand, too, is Haggerston, where Mr. Christopher Leyland has formed a very different kind of sanctuary, and nyghais, gazelles, mouflon, kangaroos, yaks and antelopes, may be seen in an English park. On the neighbouring Cheviots several of the rarer *falconide* may be studied to advantage. Further north the author and photographer visited the Bass Rock, where they obtained one or two excellent pictures of Solan geese. The following extract will exhibit the nature of this pastime:

"My brother was anxious to obtain a picture showing a good crowd of gannets in it; and when he descended for that purpose to the very edge of the cliff, and began to stalk the birds (with his camera in front of him) from ledge to ledge—off any of which the slightest slip meant a headlong plunge of a hundred and fifty feet into the sea below—I saw one of the men who had accompanied us in the boat turn away, and heard him mutter to himself: 'Ven- turesome devil; he'll never get off the Bass alive.'"

More than a third of the book is devoted to an account of St. Kilda, another favourite hunting ground of the naturalist, inhabited by a score or so of the most primitive folk to be found in the British Islands. With very great charm Mr. Kearton has succeeded in rendering their old world habits and pursuits. On another occasion, perhaps, he may be induced to go yet further afield. There are many aspects of bird life well worth studying in the more remote and solitary islands of the Orkney and Shetland group. Twice—and both times, as it curiously happened, on a Christmas Day—we have seen a golden eagle perched upon the spire of St. Magnus' Cathedral in Kirkwall, and

the scarce visited islets set amid those dangerous currents, where the Atlantic waters sweep round the stormy Pentland and make an endless jumble as they meet those of the North Sea, are practically undisturbed haunts of birds now become rare elsewhere.

We do not so much care for Mr. Kearton's writing on gamekeepers, poachers, and other themes connected with the South. These have been written about so often and so well that it is difficult to add a new touch, and we miss that charm of a first impression that is so attractive in the Northern sketches. Finally, let it be added with great caution of statement, that Mr. Kearton has described and photographed the famous St. Kilda wren. We add not one word more, because so emulous are naturalists of claiming the glory of having discovered this little mite of a bird, that to connect one man's name with it is only to invite indignant correspondence from another. Enough, then, to say that Mr. Kearton has not only confirmed the story that St. Kilda rejoices in a wren all to itself, but has succeeded in obtaining its photograph.

ARMCHAIR BOOKS.

BY AN UNPROFESSIONAL CRITIC.

II.—A CHIEF AMONG THE F.R.S.'s.*

"DR. SHARPEY, while writing the Council Minutes, talked with me of sundry matters. He said on the lunch table of the Athenæum there is, at times, a boar's head. Hart, the artist, a Jew, stood one day looking at the head, and Landseer, coming in with a friend, whispered, 'Do you know what Hart is thinking about? Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'"

That is a quotation from *The Journals of Walter White*, the latest volume of reminiscences. Here is another passage, enshrining a picture of Thackeray. The date is June 23, 1859:

"While in Chapman's counting-house was introduced to Thackeray, who happened to come in. Had heard so often that he was ugly, that I was agreeably surprised to find him otherwise: he has a lively eye, fresh colour, and an appearance of old youth or youthful age. Told him I had been the means of making persons like his books. I longed to tell him that he had harped too much on the sentimental string in the *Virginians*, to the exclusion of incident and the detriment of the work. He said he wished he had five numbers yet instead of three. In reply to a remark of F. Chapman's he said that if he had a rich uncle he should strangle him. Then F. C., 'You say that who can write such books; why, if I could write such books as yours I wouldn't envy even Rothschild. I don't as it is.' Soon after he rose, shook hand, expressed pleasure at having made my acquaintance, and said: 'I go away a little taller, Mr. White, for this conversation with you.' During the conversation F. C. said that E. Chapman had once said to Dickens, 'Take a pinch of snuff,' and handed him a box containing £1,400.

That surely is a most excellent way to take snuff! From another of Walter White's

* *The Journals of Walter White.* (Chapman & Hall.)

entries it would seem that no small part of Dickens's life was occupied in receiving generous gifts from the Chapman counting-house:

"G. Lovejoy hears from Charles Tilt that Dickens's *Pickwick* was not at first popular. The work had been offered to various publishers, and Chapman & Hall were not over pleased with their bargain. Tilt sold 1,200 of No. 6, and the publishers sent to Dickens a cheque for £30 over and above the £8 per sheet agreed on; he acknowledged it. For No. 7 they sent him an extra cheque for £60, which he did not acknowledge. For No. 8, a cheque for £100, which he returned. They altered the one into four, and then the author kept it. Altogether he received for *Pickwick* £1,200 more than was stipulated for."

Walter White, the chronicler of this gossip, was largely a self-educated man, who after beginning life as a cabinet-maker attained to what it is customary to consider the infinitely finer position of assistant secretary of the Royal Society, and confidant of the late Lord Tennyson. Walter White was born, in 1811, at Reading, and began early to have literary ambitions and devote the nights to study. Married in 1830, he emigrated with his family to New York in 1834, varied cabinet-making with lecturing, teaching, and writing prose and poetry, returned to Reading in 1839, gave up cabinet-making about 1843, and became sub-librarian at the Royal Society, then at Somerset House, in 1844. In 1861 he became assistant secretary to the Royal Society, with a residence at Burlington House, a post which he held till 1885, when he retired. He died in 1893. Throughout his life he regularly kept a journal, selections from which have now been arranged by his brother and published in the compact volume which has beguiled an hour fairly interestingly. Their author was no Boswell; but he knew several of the men whom one always is glad to read about. It is probably to the circumstance that he was on peculiarly friendly terms with Tennyson that we owe the book at all. Just now, one suspects, no publisher would dare to refuse any MS. which contained that august name.

The most circumstantial entry in the whole diary is an account of a conversation between Carlyle and Charles Kingsley at Chelsea in March, 1860. At one period the talk ran thus:

KINGSLEY: 'How long will this jackassery, this flood of books written by people who have nothing to say, continue? Look at Dickens, a man who might have been a Defoe if he would but have restrained his pen, who has degenerated even since *Nickleby*, whose Christmas stories are gloomy and depressing.'

'What is the reason?' I asked.

'Ignorance! He is one of the most ignorant of modern writers.'

CARLYLE: 'I find the humour of his *Pickwick* very melancholy. As for Defoe, he would have been a greater man, but he was such an incontinent fellow—always write, write, write on some petty city matters. But he had wonderful power of imagination, making you feel that he had seen everything he described.'

Then sermons were talked of, and the strictures on books applied to them. 'I hate the sound of my own voice,' said K., 'especially if I have to speak beyond a quarter of an hour. 'Tis a torture to me.'

'Then I: "Then every Sunday is to you a martyrdom?"'

'It is; and judge of my feelings when I am obliged to listen to somebody else's sermon for thirty-five minutes. Think of 15,000 clergymen having to stand up Sunday after Sunday with nothing to say. Ah! the Reformation has much to answer for.' Turning to C.: 'You and your Puritans have much to answer for. Those men first started the notion that the way to heaven was by infinite jaw; and see what infinite jaw has brought us to.'

'Ay,' said C. 'Tis wonderful how men will go on talking with nothing to say.'

There is nothing very new here, nothing surprising; but it is impossible to turn aside from a book which reports such conversations. Human nature is otherwise constructed. Elsewhere Carlyle calls Gilfillan a "brute," a "wild ass's colt"; and Kingsley tells how he flung Dickens's *Child's History of England* into the fire. Carlyle also says, when asked to take part in the movement for opening museums on Sunday, that "he would be sorry to give the old religion its last kick." Since then the kick has been administered, but the old religion still perseveres. Finally, let me quote one of the references to Tennyson. The date is October 16, 1852:

"Tennyson came to the library to-day. After a time he said, 'I must have a pipe. Mr. Wild replied that he should either go and smoke up the chimney in the back library or on the roof. He chose the latter, and I went to show him how to thrust his huge length through the window. In a quarter of an hour he came down greatly refreshed. During a conversation on French affairs on the day of the christening of his child, he broke in with his deep sonorous voice, 'By the holy living God, France is in a loathsome state.'"

BRIEFER MENTION.

Life and Letters of William John Butler. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE late Dean of Lincoln belonged to the first flight of the High Church Movement. The friend of Pusey and the saintly Keble, he looked with some distrust upon the Ritualistic vagaries of their more feather-headed successors. As a parish priest at Wantage, he did good work in civilising a somewhat lawless community; and he was one of the first to institute or revive Sisterhoods in the Anglican Church. His task was not lightened by the tendency of the Sisters to become converts to Roman Catholicism; but at the time of the founder's death the community of St. Mary of Wantage numbered thirty-four branches occupied in various works of piety and charity throughout England and India. In 1870 occurred a curious episode in Butler's life. He was taking a holiday on the Continent when the Franco-Prussian war broke out. He volunteered at once for Red Cross work, and for a considerable period this somewhat autocratic organiser served patiently as storekeeper in a military hospital. His letters describing this curious experience are,

perhaps, the most interesting part of the book; but as a whole it leaves a pleasant impression of an honest, hard-working, and, within his limits, a reasonable man. He had a great influence over his curates, the most remarkable of whom was the late Canon Liddon.

Our Churches, and Why we Belong to Them.
By Canon Knox Little and Others.
(Service & Paton.)

A COLLECTION of essays by two dignitaries of the Church of England and nine representatives of the principal bodies of Protestant Dissenters. There is no hint in the book itself of how it came to be written, but all the essays show internal evidence that their writers' attention has been especially drawn to the possibility of corporate re-union. When the Churches do agree, their unanimity is wonderful; and there is hardly a discordant note in the book, save for the pronouncements of the two Anglicans. From these we give a few extracts side by side.

CANON KNOX LITTLE. PREBENDARY WEBB
PEPLOB.

The Church of England has preserved the Apostolic Succession, and therefore has validity for her sacraments.

Evangelicals may doubt the reality or power of what is now called "Apostolical Succession."

The sacrament of confirmation . . . which is stated in the New Testament to be one of "the first principles of the doctrine of Christ."

The Church of England knows nothing whatever of more than two Sacraments . . . Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.

Prayers for the dead and the proper and unexaggerated invocation of saints have been revived and replaced in their due position.

The Church of England has given proof that invocation of saints and prayers for the dead are not according to the mind of the Lord.

The Blessed Sacrament and Sacrifice (is) the chief service of the Church ordained by our Lord . . . Whenever "the Sacrifice of our Ransom" is celebrated, all hear the living voice of the creed of Nicæa.

For a man to profess to offer a "Sacrifice of our Ransom" or a propitiatory offering in any sense for the sins of his fellow-men is at once to place himself in opposition to the teaching of the Church of England.

May not those Dissenters who are invited to unite with the Church of England reasonably ask which set of doctrines it is that they are asked to accept?

The Nursery Rhyme-Book. By Andrew Lang. (F. Warne & Co.)

CONSIDERING that a work similar in scope and of the same bulk as this book appeared only two or three years ago, edited by Prof. Saintsbury and illustrated exceedingly well by Mr. Gordon Browne, we cannot speak of Mr. Lang's volume as a long-felt want. Nowadays, however, it is the fashion in literature to do the same thing twice; and Mr. Lang is so entertaining a compiler of books for the young that we cannot complain, whatever the publishers of the earlier work may do. For the volume

before us Mr. Lang has gone avowedly to Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's collection. Having chosen the rhymes he has prefixed an essay upon them and added notes. The essay, which is intended for young readers, but will not (of course) be read by them, shows the author in one of his infrequent confidential moods. Thus:

"To read the old Nursery Rhymes brings back queer lost memories of a man's own childhood. One seems to see the loose, floppy picture-books of long ago, with their boldly coloured pictures. The books were tattered and worn, and my first library consisted of a wooden box full of these volumes, and I can remember being imprisoned for some crime in the closet where the box was, and how my gaolers found me, happy and impenitent, sitting on the box, with its contents all around me, reading. There was 'Who killed Cock Robin?' which I knew by heart before I could read (entirely 'without tears') by picking out the letters in the familiar words. . . ."

We cannot always quite understand Mr. Lang's selections. For instance, why print this—

"There was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago,
Till, much to his bliss,
His physician said this—
To a leg, sir, of mutton, you may go"—

and not accompany it with many other and better nonsense rhymes? The number of funny jingles (irrespective of Edward Lear's) on this model is large, yet Mr. Lang offers only indifferent ones. But it is a kindly book, and for grown-ups its pages are filled with reminiscences. Some of Mr. L. Leslie Brooke's illustrations could hardly be better, others are singularly lacking both in fun and fancy. The Old Woman who Lived under a Hill is, however, perfect. So is the Pussy Cat who had been to London to look at the Queen.

Sketches of Rural Life. By Francis Lucas. (Macmillan & Co.)

SINCE the first edition of this pleasant little book was published, eight years ago, its kindly author has died. Mr. Lucas, who was by profession a partner in an old Quaker private bank at Hitchin, rhymed only occasionally; but his rhymes, though few, were fit, and his philosophy was old-fashioned and sound. The poems which give the title to this volume, comprising the Miller, the Hedger and Ditcher, the Ploughman, the Shepherd, and kindred others, have a fresh and simple note and a welcome homeliness and humour. Our copy concludes with pages 157, which bears the words "The End," although the index promises on page 159 another poem with the attractive title "Imaginary People of 1838 and their Sentiments and Surroundings." This is rather a curious error, to which we call the attention of the publishers. A formal and an informal portrait of the late Francis Lucas, the latter much the better, accompany the volume.

All About Animals. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

THIS book brings the Zoo to our very fireside. It consists of some four hundred photographs, reproduced to the scale of 10 inches

by 7, of wild animals, taken instantaneously. The plates have been printed with the utmost care, and every picture in the copy before us is a sharp, clear impression. We have no hesitation in saying that this is incomparably the best book of its kind that has yet appeared. Here is the justification of the camera indeed: to enable a home-keeping reader in a comfortable chair to know accurately, and in a moment, what manner of beasts infest the jungles of India and the forests of South America, the bush of Australia and the African deserts! In the nursery the book should be an inexhaustible treasure: the lions almost growl, and when we come to the elephants' bath we almost dodge the spray. The photographs are the work of M. Gambier Bolton, the Scholastic Photo Company, Herr Anschütz of Berlin, and Mr. Stuart of Southampton. Until colour photography is introduced we cannot conceive of the camera excelling some of these plates. A brief and pithy account of each animal accompanies each picture.

The Blackberries and their Adventures. By E. W. Kemble. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

MR. E. W. KEMBLE, the American artist, is, by general consent, incontestably the best comic delineator of negro life that has yet appeared. In the volume before us we have a number of coloured drawings in his merriest manner depicting the adventures of a little company of nigger children. The model of the book is Mr. Palmer Cox's *Brownies*, but Mr. Kemble has taken nothing but the ground plan of that diverting work: the superstructure and fun are his own. The Blackberries pass through the usual experiences: they play golf, and swim, and make fireworks, and ride a steeplechase, and always contrive a comic mishap. Some of their facial expressions are a treat for sore eyes, as the saying is. The accompanying verses may or may not be good—so faint is the orange ink in which they are printed that we cannot read them. Luckily they are not needed.

The Making of Matthias. By J. S. Fletcher. (John Lane.)

WE cannot conscientiously call this anything but a dull book. The author's intention is admirable: to show a boy, rich with the freedom of the open air, the fields and woods and secret places of the earth; rich with the friendship of the beasts and birds; knowing no evil, yet wanting for his perfection the elements of human sympathy; finding it at last in grief for a dead friend, and thus being "made." But the treatment is unrelieved, undistinguished. Mr. Fletcher writes accurately, yet his book is without movement, without soul. Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch supplies some charming illustrations.

The Adventures of a Siberian Cub. Translated from the Russian by Léon Golschmann. (Jarrold & Sons.)

THE name of the Russian author is not given; but we are led to suppose that the true English equivalent of the title of the story is "The Ruined Home," which may

be illuminative to some of our readers. The book is aimed at children, and it certainly should hit them. The life-stories of animals are always profoundly entertaining, when done well (witness the popularity of *Black Beauty*), and this is done well enough. It has an un-English roughness and abruptness, but the interest is sound and persistent. The following extract should give the nursery a pleasant foretaste:

"Next morning the grocer sent the following bill to Mishook's master: 'Yesterday were eaten in my shop by your Highness's cub:

	Rou- bles.	Co- pecks.
6 lbs. spiced gingerbreads, at 30 copecks per lb.	1	80
5 lbs. ordinary ginger breads, at 25 copecks per lb.	1	25
13. lbs caramel, best quality . . .	0	50
	3	55

Please pay this bill, and please forbid your Highness's cub to enter my shop!"

There are many excellent pictures of the cub, by Miss Winifred Austen.

Two Essays upon Matthew Arnold, with Some of his Letters to the Author. By Arthur Galton. (Elkin Mathews.)

NATURALLY one first goes to the letters in this volume. The series begins with one in which Mr. Arnold gave his correspondent the wholesome advice that "exercise in verse cannot but be valuable to you if you set yourself to be distinct." In the closing epistle Mr. Arnold remarks that "Macaulay can hardly be of use to any mortal soul who takes our times and its needs seriously." The letters between deal with nothing more important to the general reader than pet-dogs and lumbago, the fortunes of the *Hobby Horse*, and how the great critic had an "aching back" at Hastings and had little inclination for his American tours. They also show that he tried in vain to induce Mr. Galton to make a certain dedication less flattering. Had he seen these essays it is possible that he would have felt still more uncomfortable under their excessive laudation.

Mary Powell and Deborah's Diary. Edited by W. H. Hutton. (Nimmo.)

THE two romances which Miss Manning wove around the domestic life of Milton do not deserve to fall into total oblivion. A trifle sentimental, they are done with real knowledge and with sympathy alike for the poet and for the household to whom he must have been something of a trial. Mr. W. H. Hutton contributes a preface, in which he recalls memories of the authoress, old-fashioned and satirical, "a tall, thin lady with black hair, an aquiline nose, and a bright colour," and the reprint is adorned with some dainty drawings by Mr. Herbert Railton and Mr. John Jellicoe.

Carlyle on Burns. By John Muir. (Hodge & Co.)

FIRST came Burns, writing his best. Then came Carlyle, with a warm eulogy. Now comes Mr. Muir with opinions on both. Meanwhile Burns's poems await readers.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE HISTORY OF THE LADY BETTY STAIR.

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

THIS short tale of old Edinburgh opens in 1798, when the palace of Holyrood was inhabited by a swarm of distinguished French refugees. The story harks back to older Versailles days, of which the characters have common memories. Forward, it extends to 1827, and to the cannonading of Algiers by the French fleet. It is well illustrated by Thule de Thulstrup, and appeared originally, if we are not mistaken, in *Scribner*. (J. M. Dent & Co. 144 pp.)

MANOUPA.

By ROSE-SOLEY.

"THUS the romance in a gilded birdcage started. It was guilty, of course, but then we are not moralists, neither is this story intended to teach a lesson in purity, but simply to narrate how some ordinary men and women behaved under exceptionally strong temptation." The story thus characterised by its author opens in a Sydney wineshop on a race-day. It moves to the South Sea Islands in a yacht, and ends with retribution. (Digby & Long. 330 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

A REVIEWER'S PUZZLE.

The Nigger of the "Narcissus": a Tale of the Sea. By Joseph Conrad. (Heinemann.)

IT is in dealing with such a book as this that a reviewer is apt to come to grief. At the risk of stepping outside the usual convention the present critic will endeavour as candidly as possible to explain why. He fully recognises that the author has vividly imagined his scenes, that he has originality and energy, and that he can write well. The human nature is presented with insight and sympathy, and the sea-pictures are beyond praise. Take the following as an example:

"The passage had begun; and the ship, a fragment detached from the earth, went on, lonely and swift like a small planet. Round her the abysses of sea and sky met in an unattainable frontier. A great circular solitude moved with her, ever changing and ever the same, always monotonous and always imposing. Now and then another wandering white speck, burdened with life, appeared far off and disappeared; intent on its own destiny. The sun looked upon her all day, and every morning rose with a burning round stare of undying curiosity."

In vision this is poetry. The writer's observation is presented in the same strong, clean-cut way. Here is his description of a storm abating:

"The sky was clearing and bright sunshine gleamed over the ship. After every burst of battering seas vivid and fleeting rainbows arched over the drifting hull in the flick of sprays. The gale was ending in a clear blow which gleamed and cut like a knife."

We select these passages not as representing the author at his best, but because in each a complete thought is briefly expressed, and they are typical of his style. There is so much good writing that one is reluctant to be absolutely frank and say that the book as a whole is not liked. Yet that is the truth, though possibly we may be misjudging genius, possibly the very cleverness and novelty

may stand in the way, and the author may improve on a longer acquaintance. We shall, as far as we can, analyse the reasons for this bad impression, and leave the reader to judge how far they are reasonable and to what extent they might be removed.

In the first place, then, it seems to us that there is a small allowance of material for the length of the book. The story is simply that of a voyage from Bombay to London in a sailing-ship, and the incident consists only of a storm and the death of a nigger. The tale has no plot and no petticoats; its interest is thrown on the play of character in a crew of sailors, and the descriptions by the way. Up to a certain point it is refreshing to dispense with the love of women and the love of money, those hackneyed themes of the common novelist. But the writer who sets them aside assumes the responsibility of finding adequate substitutes, and this Mr. Conrad has not succeeded in doing. His material is barely enough for half the number of pages, and he has not invented any *motif* that will lead the reader on from page to page.

Again, he has not realised the seeming paradox that a long story differs from a short one in more than the number of words used. What we mean by a short story is a single incident or a series of incidents illustrating one phase of character. Nearly all recent romances, whatever their bulk, are but short stories "writ large." A long story must be organic, it demands atmosphere, it exhibits character under many lights. Now of these essentials, Mr. Conrad only gives us one—atmosphere. From embarkation to landing he keeps us consistently at sea and compels us to look at life as it appears to the ordinary mariner. In that the book is a pronounced and brilliant success. But he has not built up his little world well. He has given far too much detail for a short story, too little for a long one; the book should have been half or twice its present length.

The very style shows that he has not apprehended this necessity of artistic treatment. The tale is told in the first person, and though the narrator does not appear by name, abundant passages show that he was one of the common sailors. But the tense, exaggerated, highly poetic diction is not suitable to such a character. Jack Tar does not speak of "incomparable repose," he is by no means so fond of the word "incomparable" as our author is. He commands no such stilted language as this:

"The men turned in wet and turned out stiff to face the redeeming and ruthless exactions of their glorious and obscure fate."

Nor of his ship would he say that:

"She was born in the thundering peal of hammers beating upon iron, in black eddies of smoke, under a grey sky on the banks of the Clyde."

No language can be really fine unless it is appropriate; and there is scarcely a sentence in the narrative that could have proceeded naturally from the mouth of a sailor. Besides, if Mr. Conrad had not made a tar his spokesman, it still would have been a mistake to be always pressing the emphasis. His only weapons are Gatling guns, and he brings them to bear on the trivial and insignificant in the same way as on what is important. In consequence the gradations of light and shade are lost, the many excellent passages are not shown up by artistic contrast. Style which should allure the reader here repels him. Our first impulse on glancing at the book was to select a few passages to show that what Martin Scriblerus called the "art of sinking in poetry" was not lost. And these expressions would have been classified in Division 5 of the famous satire: "Lastly I shall place the Cumbersome, which moves heavily under a Load of Metaphors and draws after it a long Train of Words. And the Buskin or stately frequently, and with great felicity, mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper Engine to depress what is High, so is the second to raise what is Base and Low to a ridiculous visibility."

We have written all this with a considerable amount of dissatisfaction. Work so able and conscientious, scenes so vividly imagined and clearly described, rarely come in the reviewer's way; it is a cause of unfeigned regret that the presentation lacks tact and discrimination, so that merits which should have been open and attractive are to be discovered only by conquering a sense of repulsion. We are grateful for the author's cleverness, yet venture to remind him that the first duty of a writer is to interest.

* * * * *

The Mills of God. By Francis H. Hardy.
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

IF, as we suppose, Mr. Hardy is a new writer, and this is his first novel, we give him welcome. He has a distinct gift for narrative; he likes brisk incidents; he has a quick eye for an odd character; and his springs of humour and pathos lie very close. The story before us has many immaturities, and its author is often a sinner against good taste, and now and then against good grammar; but it is interesting, even exciting; and it has real people in it.

The scene is America at large, and New Jersey in particular. Mr. Hardy shows us a self-righteous, intolerant Dissenting farmer; his discouraged, over-worked wife, and Jim, their son. Jim is the central figure. Mother and son are bosom friends, until the pea-pickers (who correspond to our hop-pickers) arrive, and he falls a prey to a clever adventuress among them. The rest of the story shows his fall, his laborious recovery of self-respect, and his return to his mother's arms. In the course of his adventures he joins forces with Bob Murphy, a venerable and inveterate tramp. Bob thus explains some of the effects of his unrivalled disarming smile:

"When the old man, or the old woman, is on the point of clearing me off the place all empty, saying, 'Get out, you lazy, dirty tramp!' what does Bob Murphy do? Bob Murphy he takes off his old straw hat, glues his old eyes on the nearest kid, and lets loose his old smile. What happens? This happens: that nearest kid he comes a-glidin' and a-slidin' and a-skippin' over to me, same as if I was a-pulling him by a string; and when he gets to me he'll either begin playing with my old hog-bristle beard, or a-tickling my three-bellied chin, or a-saying, 'Take me a piggy-back, old man.' And, boy, it's right then; the old man or the old woman they melt—git sort of quiv-very 'bout the lips or watery round the eyes, and goes and fetches out a whole handful of grub for that 'dear old man' little Mary, or little Tommy, or little God-knows-what's-its-blessed-name, 'has took to so tremendous.'"

The culminating point of interest in the story is the attempted robbery in the express van of a train. This is most excellently done. If Mr. Hardy gives time to it, and is a more severe critic of himself, he should make good fiction.

* * * * *

The Great Stone of Sardis. By Frank R. Stockton.
(Harper & Brothers.)

HERE is another of Mr. Stockton's grave absurdities. With an immovable mouth, and almost without a twinkle in his eye, he tells the story of the annexation of the North Pole by Americans who travelled thither in a submarine vessel; of the invention of the Artesian ray, an improvement upon the X-rays, enabling one to see fifteen miles into the earth; and of the consequent discovery of the fact that the centre of the earth is one huge diamond. The hero of the tale, which is pitched in the year 1947, is an Edison of the future named Roland Clew, a typical addition to Mr. Stockton's gallery of matter-of-fact, resourceful young men. His gallery of humorous, undisturbed old women is also strengthened by Sarah Block. It is thus that Mrs. Block declares her intention of accompanying her husband, Clew's manager, on the voyage to the Pole:

"If Sammy goes, I go," said Mrs. Block. "If it is dangerous for me, it is dangerous for him. I have been tryin' to get sense enough in his head to make him stay at home, but I can't do it; so I have made up my mind that I go with him or he don't go. We have travelled together on top of the land, and we have travelled together on top of the water, why, then, we travel together all the same. If Sammy goes polin', I go polin'. I think he's a fool to do it; but if he's goin' to be a fool, I am goin' to be a fool. And as for my bein' in the way, you needn't think of that, Mr. Clew. I can cook for the living, I can take care of the sick, and I can sew up the dead in shrouds."

The Great Stone of Sardis is an excellent example of Mr. Stockton's mock scientific manner.

FAITH AND WORKS.

Byeways. By Robert Hichens. (Methuen & Co.)

A Forest Orchid, and Other Stories. By Ella Higginson. (Macmillan & Co.)

Love's Usuries. By Louis Creswicke. (H. J. Drane.)

The Express Messenger, and Other Tales of the Rail. By Cy Warman. (Chatto & Windus.)

Racing and 'Chasing. By A. E. T. Watson. (Longmans & Co.)

OF the volumes of short stories before us Mr. Hichens's *Byeways* is far the most considerable, though, as I think, not the most successful; and if one counts up its excellencies, one is troubled, considering how great they are, at being unable to assess their total at a higher rate. He has, in the first place, a sound literary style, and picks his phrases with discretion—at times very felicitously. He has a whole exchequer of the negative virtues. He is not diffuse, or verbose, or discursive, or egotistical; he is neither pompous nor frivolous over much. Besides these things he has wit and a sense of humour. Therefore his persons are excellent types. This word strikes the tonic of his limitations. He can show us the universal, but never quite the particular. It is the defect of a slight myopia, which can distinguish a man from his coachman, but not, with certainty, from his twin brother. And in the movement of his figures you may discern a kindred defect. It is true that in manipulating his predilect material, where a false touch must precipitate him into bathos, he contrives to steer clear of the treacherous edge and to carry us gravely along the absurd fancies of unscientific præternaturalism; it is true that we go along with him uncomplainingly. Yet we go not as children—full of the terror of the way, and confident in our guide. In obedience to him we make some pretence of laying aside the garment of our maturity, and of clothing ourselves in innocence; but we are consciously grown up all the time. And while we admire the sage conversation and the serious gait of our conductor, we suspect, behind his mask of strict responsibility and his silver beard, who shall say what sunny grimace of confidential incredulity.

Good work could hardly be in more emphatic contrast with Mr. Hichens's book than is the collection of short stories which Miss (?) Ella Higginson puts forth under the title *A Forest Orchid*. The material of the former is either satirical or terrific; Miss Higginson's stories are humorous and pathetic. Mr. Hichens plays about among abnormal and eccentric types; the American lady introduces us to individuals. Her work is less ambitious—easier one might say, if it were ever easy to do anything well; but well it is done. She is there every time. Her stories treat of American yeomanry of the Far West. Thrums is transposed into a new key. And, if perfect conviction, with its natural fruits of concentrated purpose and distinct presentation, is of the essence of good work, we may be allowed to congratulate Miss Higginson on an artistic success. "A Passion Flower of the West," the story of a girl's soul that, alone under the stars, has grown in its simplicity to a perception of the deity in nature, is a piece of exquisite work; a conviction 'antitypal of the artist's' streams out of the pages that tell of the sweet soul's shrinking from a brutish touch. And if you want a favourable specimen of her humour, read "Mandy's Organ."

The three volumes which remain need not detain us long. A fuller acquaintance with Mr. Creswicke's book, *Love's Usuries*, has not wrought any change in our estimate of its value. If one may say it without offence, the truth is not in him. With well-worn counters he plays a conventional game. His style is turgid and pretentious. Mr. Warman's work, *The Express Messenger*, is unequal, and never quite satisfactory. The inclusion of several descriptive articles in a volume of short stories is an insult to the more serious work; and even of the latter the discreet excision of one half would have been so much strength added to the moiety. It would have made a smaller book, no doubt; but a bullet is more persuasive than a sand-bag. Even when Mr. Warman, as is here and there the case, brings home a sense of conviction, his discursiveness afflicts the reader as disagreeably as a perpetual rheum. But most of his stories are mere yarns. So are all Mr. Watson's, and of the kind quite good. To condemn them by comparison with a high standard would be to do them more than justice. Besides, if one were to tell Mr. Watson that he lacked conviction, he would probably answer that to his certain knowledge these things happened. But the fact remains that there is no excellent work that springs not out of a root of faith.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE late Alphonse Daudet left behind him a considerable body of unpublished and incomplete work, including short stories, reminiscences, a novel entitled *Quinze Ans de Mariage*, and the bulk of a work of a personal nature, called *Ma Douleur*, the account of his own sufferings under ill-health, and those of other writers similarly afflicted. M. Léon Daudet will act as his father's biographer—at least, as his father's first biographer. It is not likely that only one memoir will be published.

MR. BALFOUR's plea for poor novelists confronted by a world whose fictional possibilities they have exhausted, upon which we remarked last week, has drawn forth much criticism. Probably Mr. Balfour intended that it should, just as a clever debater will sometimes change sides in order that the discussion may be more spirited.

THE best comment upon the speech that we have yet seen is made in a letter to the *Scotsman* from a writer whose work is now too seldom seen—Mr. William Black. He says:

"At this pacific season of the year, would you allow a perfectly obscure person to endeavour to calm the perturbed spirit of Mr. A. J. Balfour? He appears to be agitated about the probable future of the novel. At Edinburgh the other day he spoke of 'the obvious difficulty which novelists now find in getting hold of appropriate subjects for their art to deal with.' And again he said, with doubtful grammar, 'Where, gentleman, is the novelist to find a new vein? Every country has been ransacked to obtain theatres on which their imaginary characters are to show themselves off,' and so forth. Mr. Balfour may reassure himself. So long as the world holds two men and a maid,

or two maids and a man, the novelist has abundance of material, and there is no need to search for a 'theatre' while we have around us the imperishable theatre of sea and the sky and the hills. If Mr. Balfour cannot master these simple and elementary propositions, then it would be well for him to remain altogether outside the domain of literature, and to busy himself (when not engaged in party politics) with some more recondite subject—say bi-metallism."

ANOTHER critic of the novel has been laying about him with some vigour—M. Rzewusik, a Pole. We cannot agree with much that he says, but the opinions of an outspoken intelligent foreigner are always interesting. M. Rzewusik begins by exempting Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot, Lord Lytton, and Mr. Meredith from his strictures: they, he says, are, by the intensity of their style, their psychological analysis, the elevation of their feelings and the grandeur of their philosophical conceptions, the rivals of the great Slav, German, and French novelists; although even in their best work there is always something of insincerity and a tendency to metaphysics (Dickens metaphysical!). In structural skill, however, they are the inferiors of even second-rate Frenchmen.

As for the second-rate English novelists, men and women, M. Rzewusik thinks them terrible. Their work reveals bottomless depths of silliness, chatter, stupid admiration, mawkish sentimentality, and harsh, preachy cant. The women are the worse offenders: to let lodgings and write a novel is within the power (so M. Rzewusik says) of any Englishwoman. Still he finds some Englishwomen of the second rank who can please him: Miss Rhoda Broughton, Ouida, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Charlotte Brontë!

In the January *Blackwood* the late Mrs. Oliphant's office of "Looker On" will be found to be occupied by another. A fit successor of the wise and shrewd observer whose pen is now still for ever must have unusual gifts.

THE first number of *Saint George*, the quarterly journal of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham—the Society of the Rose—reaches us. The editor is Mr. John Howard Whitehouse. The reports of three lectures delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham form the bulk of the number, which is well printed and well presented. A portrait of the Master serves for frontispiece.

Saint George also contains the following extract from a letter from Mr. W. G. Collingwood: "I am glad to say that Mr. Ruskin's health is much as it has been during these later years. He still takes his daily walks, sees his personal friends, and spends much time in reading. But it does not seem to be understood by the public that his comparative health depends upon his being kept from all unnecessary work. He directs his own business, but is obliged to decline correspondence, and cannot reply to the

many letters which still come asking for his intervention in public matters, or for private advice and assistance." Mr. Ruskin, we might add, will be seventy-nine in February.

THE first number of *The Ethical World*, a twopenny weekly journal whose scope is explained by its title, is also before us. It seems soundly done. Among the articles in the current issue are a dissertation on a passage in Newman's writings, by Mr. Leslie Stephens, and an account of the social outlook in America, by Mr. Charles Zueblin.

FROM Mr. Conan Doyle poems come but seldom, but when he does turn to verse he hits the mark. His song of the English bow in *Micah Clarke* is a stirring ballad, and he wrote nobly of the *Fourdroyant* when it was proposed to sell her some few years ago. But in the main he adheres to prose. We are, therefore, the more glad to find his spirited ballad of "Cremona" in the January *Cornhill*.

"CREMONA" tells the story of the capture of that city by the Imperial army under Prince Eugène in 1702, and its recovery by the Irish regiments of Dillon and Burke, who were assisting the French army under Marshal Villeroy. Here are some stanzas:

"Prince Eugène of Austria is in the market-place;
Prince Eugène of Austria has smiles upon his face;
Says he, 'Our work is done,
For the Citadel is won,
And the black and yellow flag flies o'er
Cremona.'
Major Dan O'Mahony is in the barrack square,
And just six hundred Irish boys are waiting
for him there;
Says he, 'Come in your shirt,
And you won't take any hurt,
For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona.'
Major Dan O'Mahony is at the barrack gate,
And just six hundred Irish boys will neither
stay nor wait;
There's Dillon and there's Burke,
And there'll be some bloody work
Ere the Kaiserlics shall boast they hold
Cremona.
Major Dan O'Mahony has reached the river
fort,
And just six hundred Irish boys are joining
in the sport;
'Come, take a hand!' says he,
'And if you will stand by me,
Then it's glory to the man who takes
Cremona!'"

At last the Irishmen succeeded in beating back the besiegers. The ballad ends:

"There's just two hundred Irish boys are
shouting on the wall;
There's just four hundred lying who can
hear no slogan call;
But what's the odds of that,
For it's all the same to Pat,
If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.
Says General de Vaudray, 'You've done a
soldier's work!
And every tongue in France shall talk of
Dillon and of Burke!
Is there anything at all,
Which I, the General,
Can do for you, the heroes of Cremona?'"

'Why, yes,' says Dan O'Mahony. 'One favour we entreat,
We were called a little early, and our toilet's
not complete.
We've no quarrel with the shirt,
But the breeches wouldn't hurt,
For the evening air is chilly in Cremona.'"

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* reviews Miss L. Alma Tadema's volume of poetry, *Realms of Unknown Kings*, as if it were the work of the artist, her father: "If Mr. Alma Tadema," it says, "will devote himself to his art, look closely for subjects, rid himself of the affectation that love, to be interesting, ought to be unlawful, and elaborate his lyrics, he ought to make a name." But when names are thus confused, the temptations to make one cannot be very alluring.

THE *Critic* prints the following letter from Mark Twain, in Vienna, concerning certain false rumours which have been recently circulating: "It has been reported that I was seriously ill—it was another man; dying—it was another man; dead—the other man again. It has been reported that I have received a legacy—it was another man; that I am out of debt—it was another man; and now comes this 82,000 dols.—still another man. It has been reported that I am writing books—for publication; I am not doing anything of the kind. It would surprise and gratify me if I should be able to get another book ready for the press within the next three years. You can see yourself that there isn't anything else to be reported—invention is exhausted. . . . As far as I can see, nothing remains to be reported except that I have become a foreigner. When you hear it, don't you believe it, and don't take the trouble to deny it. Merely raise the American flag on our house in Hartford and let it talk."

SOME time ago an article appeared in one of the American magazines in praise of an "artist of the monostich": in other words, a poet or phrase-maker who confined his productive powers to single lines. His capacity for epithet was sometimes striking, but it seemed to some of his readers that his task had only begun. Now, in the *Critic*, we find the same, or another, artist of the monostich again at work. Here are some specimens:

"A PEARL

Up from the deep sea's darkness stole a drop
of light.

AN ALBATROSS

It climbed the horizon with slow stroke of wing.

MIST

God's breath upon the mirror of the sea.

TWILIGHT

Gray with the vestige of forgotten light."

A monostich in time, it may be presumed, saves nine; but we confess to preferring longer poems of more sustained interest.

FEW Christmases go by without seeing the publication of a new edition of Charles Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. This year the work has come from the house of Cassell in

the shape of a facsimile of the original MS. According to the "Editor's Note" (though surely a facsimile of an original MS. is in no need of an editor) the book is published to give every reader the opportunity "to watch for himself, or herself, the master-mind at work; to see how the story grew under his hand; to trace his very moods, in the corrections and alterations made as the work progressed." Unfortunately, Dickens's writing at best was not too distinct, and the corrections and interlineations render it here quite illegible, except to a reader with a microscope and an infinite patience. But it is certainly extremely interesting to see such a story in the making.

THE humour of the authors of *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, and its sequel, which seems to us of a quite desirable quality, is not to all tastes. Among the eulogists of these gentlemen the *Spectator* holds, perhaps, the foremost place; yet see how an American reviewer can write: ". . . Its pictures are of the order of caricature. But they are not of a pleasing type of caricature, and the inequality of level between them and the 'verses' is marked. Such a book can have no refining influence on minds of any age, and it must be a very crude kind of taste that can find anything in it to enjoy. The production of such books is a waste of pens, ink, and paper." One man's meat is truly another man's poison.

A PROSPECTUS of the *Art Journal* for 1898 reaches us, decorated with a very modern design in colours. Among the special supplements for the year will be reproductions after Mr. Clausen, Mr. Swan, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Orchardson, and the late Sir John Millais and Albert Moore. Mr. B. W. Leader will paint the landscape from which the "premium plate" is to be etched. A series of articles on famous private picture galleries will run through the volume.

MR. OSCAR BROWNING has been engaged for some time past in writing a life of Peter the Great, which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. inform us they will publish about the same time that Sir Henry Irving's play of the same name is produced at the Lyceum. We do not know whether Sir Henry Irving or Mr. Browning is more to be congratulated on this happy coincidence.

OWING to an inadvertence, Mr. A. H. Norway's new book, *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*, was reviewed last week under the title, *In the West Country*. There is very good reason why Mr. Norway's volume should not bear such a name, for it already belongs to a pleasant collection of papers on Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall by Mr. Francis H. Knight.

MADAME SARAH GRAND has given an interviewer of the *Weekly Sun* her opinions on *The Beth Book* and its critics. She said, among other things:

"Anything more unlike what I should have understood was criticism than the diatribes

directed against my little book, or even the grudging allowances made for it, cannot be imagined. If to praise moderately, as Vauvenargues said, is a sign of mediocrity, then (with some fine exceptions) are my critics a most mediocre lot. . . . I know I should be crushed, but there is something in me that won't be crushed, won't even take my critics seriously. You will see that their verdicts will not be final. There is only one thing in which I must acknowledge them cunningly clever—when they dubbed *The Beth Book* dull. It is not dull, and that they knew, but in order to injure the book they deliberately and dishonestly set themselves to mislead the public."

We are not concerned to return to *The Beth Book* and its merits; but it may be pointed out that to some one every author is dull, even Lewis Carroll and Thomas à Kempis.

Vittoria has just been added to the new cheap edition (if six shillings per volume can rightly be called cheap in the time of sixpenny Shakespeares) of Mr. Meredith's novels. We observe the phrase, "Copyright, 1897, by George Meredith," facing the contents. This has reference, we presume, to the revised text, and means that Messrs. Constable's edition of *Vittoria* is safe from the enterprise of rival firms for the next forty-two years, whereas the first form of the novel, which was published in 1866, will be accessible a considerable period earlier.

In its new shape *Vittoria* has a frontispiece in photogravure representing La Scala, the opera-house at Milan.

In the current number of the *Artist* we find an enthusiastic, but well-merited, eulogy of the work of Mr. William Hyde. This artist is as yet little known, except among the few, but certainly there are living few closer students, and no finer exponent, of the play of light and shade upon the face of nature. Mr. Hyde's usual medium is monochrome, which he uses with such mastery as to produce almost the effect of colour. The examples of his work which illustrate this article are all scenes of repose; yet to our mind it is when a landscape is in the grip of a storm or frowned upon by an angry sky that Mr. Hyde is at his greatest. Two of the pictures are chosen from a book on London, which Messrs. Constable will shortly publish.

THE *Essex Review* is one of the best of the county antiquarian magazines, but like many quarterly publications it has sinned against punctuality. It is resolved, we learn, to sin no more in this particular; and it aspires to positive improvements. From the beginning of the year Miss C. Fell Smith will be mainly responsible for the magazine.

WE are informed that Mr. Farrar Fenton who recently issued a translation of the New Testament in "current English," is about to issue the Old Testament on the same lines. The first section will include the *Book of Job*, and will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock. We trust that "current English" does not mean slang.

REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

II.—WALTER PATER.

IN and about the year 1870 a great change became apparent in the spirit of English literature. The group of vigorous writers who had made letters subservient to morality, and who believed in "the man and his message," had begun to break up. Carlyle, who had wielded a long sway over every kind of intellect—the imaginative, the historic, even the scientific—was feeling the effects of years, and though, even in decay a rugged giant, his power was no longer what it had been. All along the line the movement was being carried on with feebler hands. Whatever was weak or imperfect in art with a purpose became glaringly apparent in the work of those secondary writers to whom the elders handed on the torch. Brilliant young men no longer found it natural to adhere to Lord Tennyson's theory of literature; and very soon it became apparent that the centre of influence was shifting, and that for a time at least an opposite doctrine was to prevail. The rebellion—if one may be permitted to apply that word to a perfectly natural and, within limits, wholesome movement—was not carried out by any single leader. It sprang up simultaneously in a number of minds, not, indeed, of the very highest rank, but of fine and genuine capacity. In verse its clearest exponent was William Morris, who, in lines as bold as they were sweet and tuneful, announced that a bard had come who assumed to be neither prophet nor messenger. "Dreamer of dreams" sang the latter-day poet:

"Dreamer of dreams born out of my due time
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate."

But though he so beautifully found words for the creed, it was another who was to be the dominant influence. *Atalanta in Calydon* had appeared before the *Earthly Paradise*, and for twenty years to come its author was to be the most sedulously imitated of poets; and the imitators taking their cue from him and Morris ostentatiously ignored "the message." I am not concerned to discuss whether they were right or wrong; indeed, I do not believe there is any abstract right or wrong in the matter. Art will bear no heavier moral than is carried by life itself, and if the poet be true to life it is impossible for him to be false to its morals. The justification of a theory lies wholly in its fruit, and it may here be pointed out that the consciousness of a great aim in life itself, the belief that "eyes do regard you from eternity's stillness," the feeling that there is and must be some great and solemn object in existence has a bracing and ennobling effect upon letters. The wave of a great moral movement gave us *Paradise Lost*;

its reaction only the drama of the Restoration. A somewhat similar wave produced *In Memoriam*, *The French Revolution*, and *Adam Bede*; its reaction has flowered into no achievement of the highest class, and is ending in something like paralysis.

Be that as it may—and I throw it out only as a suggested explanation—the late Mr. Pater, just about the time when *Atalanta* and *The Earthly Paradise* appeared, began to wield in prose an influence equal to that which Mr. Swinburne wielded in verse. It ran in channels, however, that were partially concealed. He was pre-eminently a writer's writer, and his power is not, as Carlyle's was, open, conspicuous, and commanding; it has been most deeply felt by the choice minds of his age, and has been filtered through them to the wider public. There is scarcely an aspect in which he does not differ from the great moralist. Not even Goethe could make Carlyle understand what *Kunst* was—"Carlyle knows nothing of art," said Tennyson—he used letters purely as the vehicle through which he delivered his exhortations to the age. To Pater literature was something very different. It was "a refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world." He was the first great Englishman to preach the gospel of art for art's sake. He judged life not by its effect on the race or the future, but by the sensations it experienced by "the pleasure of the ideal present, the mystic now."

The creed looks foolish enough as presented by those who may be called derivatives from Pater; his own mind was too clear and strong to be content with its weaker aspect. All roads lead to Rome, and it is strange to note that the most diverse intellects, provided they be honest and capable, arrive finally at very nearly the same conclusions. He worked out his thoughts into a creed as large and austere as that of Carlyle himself. "Not pleasure, but fulness of life and insight as conducting to that pleasure—energy, choice, and variety of experience, including noble pain and sorrow"—so does he make his Marius think. Pain and sorrow are noble only when they are nobly born, and with this explanation the creed embodies all that makes for submission and conciliation, for adjustment to conditions.

Nor has any moralist laid down a sterner and more uncompromising law than this:

"Truth: there can be no merit, no craft at all without that. And, further, all beauty is, in the long run, only fineness of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to the vision within."

Mr. Pater does not himself appear to have been of a combative or aggressive disposition; but some of the more ardent spirits, who caught up the cry of art for art's sake without troubling about its deeper meaning, at once began to use it as a battering-ram on the great reputations of their time. Lord Tennyson's biographer tells us that he saw in this a beginning of decay. His words are worth quoting. After giving the poet's *impromptu* made in 1869, after reading an attack on the *Idylls*,

"Art for art's sake! Hail, truest lord of hell!" he goes on:

"These lines in a measure expressed his strong and sorrowful conviction that the English were beginning to forget what was, in Voltaire's words, the glory of English literature—'No nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation.'"

That was thirty years ago, and the young warriors who then rushed eagerly to the fray are grizzled veterans now, and it is their turn to be haled before the judgment-seat and asked, not What theory did you hold? but What work have you done? To some extent they have leavened English letters, and the young poet and the young novelist have been turned aside from "the purpose," but the condemnation of the movement from a purely literary and artistic point of view is that it has failed to produce any book of the first importance. Let us see why this has been so in Mr. Pater's case.

In one sense Mr. Pater was a brilliantly successful writer. He has done many things so well that one cannot imagine how they could have been done better. But he did not know where his own strength lay. His patient hunt for what he called "the exact word" was in his case, as in that of Flaubert, doomed to futility. For a writer never can convey any but a simple thought fully and lucidly from his own mind to that of another. The meaning he attaches to words is coloured not only by his learning and knowledge, but by his previous meditation and experience. And his phrases fall on minds, each of which has a separate and different body of experience, which contracts or expands, modifies or distorts, their significance. One need not go further for examples than to certain shibboleths of his school. The very word art, so vilely hacked and vulgarised during the past quarter of a century, is applied by nearly every writer to his or her own work. Sir Walter Scott very justly called himself an artist, so did George Eliot, so do a score of fourth-rate scribblers. In each case it conveys a meaning coloured by personality; it cannot be absolutely defined; it cannot, therefore, be employed with such exactitude as to convey a meaning fully and lucidly from one mind to another. Distinction, again, is a term which has the same ambiguity. It is constantly employed by critics to indicate a quality of phrase; with Pater it describes an attitude of mind. The writer is truly distinguished who looks at life independently with his own eyes; it is but a bastard distinction that springs from preciosity of phrase. Fuller and larger illustration of the impossibility of conveying thought exactly from one mind to another may be found in the history of any creed. The Gospel of Christ is set forth in clear and simple words, yet if we consider the number of creeds and sects, the divisions, arguments, and even battles to which its interpretation has given rise, how obvious must it be that the word had one meaning in the mind of him who uttered them; another in the case of those who heard. Nay, take Mr. Pater's own teaching and compare it with that of his derivatives, and it will be seen how

distorted it has become in passing from the master to his scholars. That he knew this himself is evident from his fear that the well-known "conclusion" of his *Renaissance* studies should be misapprehended, as it undoubtedly has been.

But the great weakness of Mr. Pater and his school lies in a too great exaltation of art. He did not, indeed, as some of his followers have done, go the length of asserting that art transcended life, but art was his chiefest interest. His books are all those of a bookman. In no case that I know of did he take his materials direct from nature. His creative works, *Marius* and *Gaston de Latour*, are but attempts to show the development of a personality in times to which he was a stranger, and they could be reconstructed only through records and chronicles. The work is done marvelously well, but within limits that fix narrow boundaries to his sympathies. An imagination that had been fed not only by books, but by the living stream of life, could not have been satisfied with such a picture. It would have demanded not only the flower of the time in a refined *Marius* or a *Gaston*, but would have used a hundred vigorous forms from the wild, rugged surroundings to complete the picture, and to throw those exquisite portraiture into contrast. He does, indeed, talk of life for life's sake, but it does not work out in his conceptions. There is a passage in *Marius* typical of so much that it deserves quotation—it describes the hero's feelings after the death of his friend Flavian (the italics are mine):

"The sun shone out on the people going to work for a long hot day, and *Marius* was standing by the dead, watching with the deliberate purpose of fixing in his memory every detail, that he might have that picture in reserve, should any day of forgetfulness ever hereafter come to him with the temptation to feel completely happy again."

In other words, he was not living wholly in "the mystic now," but saving up his grief for future use. The man who lives his life fully, and drinks the cup, be it of joy or sorrow, to the lees, mourns or rejoices without any "deliberate purpose." Indeed, the moment emotion begins to be fondled and thought about it loses its direct natural character. One sees this more clearly by considering what a real single-hearted zest for life a great artist such as Scott had. To him, novel-writing was not even a very noble or grand way of earning a livelihood, and no one can imagine him treasuring his sensations, calculating his grief, measuring his joy, either as indicating the richness of life or to serve as stuff out of which to weave art. Far less can it be supposed that Henry Fielding, when going out to dine in his coach attended by his yellow-liveried servant, had a deliberate intention to lay by experience out of which to fabricate *Squire Western*. Not a bit of it. He and Shakespeare, and all the rest of the great artists, lived their lives without any *arrière pensée* about art, and all unconsciously gathered the experience from which their creations were ultimately fashioned. To be conscious of artistic intentions is enough of itself to take some of the fine flavour from life. In Pater,

too, it led to over-bookishness and super-refinement and preciosity, so that his books, and still more those of his followers, tend to lose touch with the actual.

But it is the limitations of his own nature and temperament that lie at the root of the matter. The greatness of a writer largely depends on the extent of his sympathies. He is the interpreter of human nature, and the wider and deeper his interests the more certain is he to command attention. A great sunny nature like that of Scott wins upon us, because it can project itself into a thousand personalities and speak through as many different masks. King, priest, and beggar—he projects himself by turns into each. But there are other writers so rigid and self-centred, so incapable of changing voice or appearance, that they seem to speak with set features and in a monotone. They tap, as it were, only one vein of interest, and the reader who is not held by that is not held at all.

Now, Mr. Pater, supreme as he is in the exercise of a fine gift (of which more anon), is one of those strictly limited writers. Moreover, he was of a sterling honesty that scorned to make pretence of what he had not. Others we know who try to rope in all sorts of readers by imitating the qualities they do not possess. They can produce a sham humour, a sham pathos, a sham passion, that will pass without question in the market-place. It is a mark of greatness in Mr. Pater that he never condescends to this. He goes on sternly compressed within his narrow channel, and never dreams of throwing out a tentacle to those not fully in sympathy with him. He has no humour, and not even in writing of Charles Lamb does he make a pretence of it. With nine-tenths of the pursuits of mankind he is out of touch, and appears to be quite content that it should be so. Cold and austere in his own temperament, he makes no attempt to appeal to the warmth and playfulness of human nature. The great surging passions of life never beat in view of the windows of his cloistral refuge. Indeed, it is somewhat of a paradox that in his two novels the apostle of art for art's sake is more of a teacher and sermoniser than an artist. There is far more of the gust of human life in many a novel with a purpose than in these works. So strangely does performance often contradict intention.

But in spite of all these drawbacks he is certainly a great writer, one of the first of his day. Neither his doctrine nor his actual work is likely at any time to appeal to the general public, but they are invaluable to the student and scholar. I do not refer to the matter—it would carry us far beyond the bounds of this paper to touch even superficially on that—but to the style by which he would presumably choose to be judged. The greatest quality manifest in it is that of vivid imagination. Of what may be called pictorial English it is doubtful if any finer exists in the language. There are whole pages of *Gaston de Latour* where each sentence is like a piece of exquisite carving from purest marble, and every word is that of a man who has conjured up the clearest image of what took place in his fancy. Of his "Cupid

and Psyche" one can only say, as Tennyson said of Fitz-Gerald's *Omar*, that it is a "version done divinely well." And even in his less important essays there are bits which could have been composed by none but a man of strong imagination. What could be finer than this from the paper on Charles Lamb?—

"Reading, commenting on Shakespeare, he is like a man who walks alone under a grand stormy sky, and among unwonted tricks of light, when powerful spirits seem to be abroad upon the air; and the grim humour of Hogarth, as he analyses it, rises into a kind of spectral grotesque."

If the historical novelists would only study Pater's pictorial manner how much more difficult, but how much more delightful, would their work become! The plague of it is that they cannot reproduce the "quality" of Pater, while there is nothing easier than to catch at the hothouse mannerisms and preciosities that are his flaws. Nor will they amend their ways while critics bestow the epithet "distinguished" on those who murder his style.

P.

THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

IV.—THE NEW POETRY.

LONDON seems to have inspired the poets in proportion as she has become herself prosaic. If you deny that she has become prosaic, we will converge to this: that London poems have multiplied with London bricks. London gives more themes to poets now that she is vast and smoky and urban than she did when milkmaids carried milk to Fleet-street from the fields, when salmon leaped under London Bridge, and when strawberries were picked in Holborn. London is written about to-day in ways which are quite new, ways which the men of old would not have understood. When Wordsworth, standing on Westminster Bridge on the morning of September 3, 1802, breathed his sonnet, he foreshadowed this new poetry of London: the poetry which should no longer flatter kings or aldermen, or compete with tinsel on Lord Mayor's Day, but should look on London as on Nature.

"Silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky."

Long enough (and far more so) had London lain open to the fields and sky; but the thing had not been said, or much felt. Yet the poets have bettered Wordsworth's teaching. He could venture to show poor Susan only an imaginary and pasteboard Spring—"a mountain ascending, a vision of trees," a river in Cheapside—whereas to-day the very Spring is exquisitely found in London. How exquisitely has Mr. Henley found it!—but we mean to quote him on another theme. In so recent a book as Mr. Lionel Johnson's *Ireland, with Other Poems*, we find these questions asked—but they have been answered many times:

"Do London birds forget to sing?
Do London trees refuse the Spring?
Is London May no pleasant thing?
Let country fields

To milking maid and shepherd boy
Give flowers, and song, and bright employ,
Her children also can enjoy
What London yields.

Gleaming with sunlight, each soft lawn
Lies fragrant beneath dew of dawn;
The spires and towers rise, far withdrawn,
Through golden mist:
At sunset, linger beside Thames:
See now, what radiant lights and flames!
That ruby burns: that purple shames
The amethyst."

Poets whom no one will compare with
Wordsworth have gone far beyond him as
singers of London's inner, intimate, and
recondite beauty. The Cheapside plane-
tree and the thrush raised for Wordsworth
a momentary vision of spring which he trans-
ferred to Susan, but presently—

"They fade
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not
rise,
And the colours have all pas'd away from her
eyes."

For the poets of to-day the vision does
not pass. Theirs is the vision of London's
own spring, her own trees. Let us see how
a plane-tree inspired a later poet of little
fame, but of the newer school of London
lovers:

"Green is the plane-tree in the square,
The other trees are brown;
They droop and pine for country air;
The plane-tree loves the town.

Here, from my garret-pane, I mark
The plane-tree bud and blow,
Shed her recuperative bark,
And spread her shade below.

Among her branches in and out,
The city breezes play;
The dun fog wraps her round about;
Above, the smoke curls gray.

Others the country take for choice,
And hold the town in scorn;
But she has listened to the voice
On city breezes borne."

In these simple lines by Amy Levy nothing
is imported into the London picture; no
absence is regretted. She sings of a London
plane-tree, green in a London square. The
call of the spring is heard in London as
it never was before. Take an "April
Midnight" from Mr. Arthur Symonds's
Silhouettes:

"Side by side through the streets at midnight,
Roaming together,
Through the incongruous night of London,
In the miraculous April weather.

Roaming together under the gaslight,
Day's work over,
How the Spring calls to us, here in the city,
Calls to the heart from the heart of a lover!
Cool the wind blows, fresh in our faces,
Cleansing, entrancing,
After the heat and the fumes and the foot-
lights,
There where you dance, and I watch your
dancing.

Good it is to be here together,
Good to be roaming,
Even in London, even at midnight,
Lover-like in a lover's gloaming.

You the dancer and I the dreamer,
Children together,
Wandering lost in the night of London,
In the miraculous April weather."

Even in *vers de société* a note of intimacy
is struck that was not struck before. "I
still love London in the month of May,"
exclaims Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in a
careless rhyme:

"I still love London in the month of May,
By an old habit, spite of dust and din.
I love the fair adulterous world, whose way
Is by the pleasant banks of Serpentine.
I love the worshippers at fashion's shrine,
The flowers, the incense, and the pageantry
Of generations which still ask a sign
Of that dear god whose votary am I.
I love the 'greetings in the market-place,'
The jargon of the clubs. I love to view
The 'gilded youth' who at the window pass,
For ever smiling smiles for ever new.
I love these men and women at their task
Of hunting pleasure. Hope, mysterious too,
Touches my arm and points, and seems to
ask,
'And you, have you no Juliet in the masque?'"

Shall we advance with the year? We have
had the April night; and who will say that
the London summer night is not truly seen
and sung in these lines from Mr. Laurence
Binyon's *London Visions*:

"Come let us forth, and wander the rich, the
murmuring night!
The sky, blue dusk of summer trembles above
the street;
On either side uprising glimmer houses pale:
But me the turbulent bubble and voice of
crowds delight;
For me the wheels make music, the mingled
cries are sweet;
Motion and laughter call: we hear, we will
not fail.

For see, in secret vista, with soft, retiring
stars,
With clustered suns, that stare upon the
throne below,
With pendent dazzling moons, that cast a
noonday white,
The full streets beckon: Come, for toil has
burst his bars,
And idle eyes rejoice, and feet unheeding go.
O let us out and wander the gay and golden
night."

We are not sure that the summer, mid-day
London, dazzling and dangerous in its heat,
has found, or needs, a song. But London's
autumn glory has inspired Mr. Henley.
We wonder what Dr. Johnson would have
thought of Mr. Henley's riotous praise of
the beauty of the Strand and Fleet-street
on an autumn afternoon. Johnson was the
first man of letters who constantly exulted
in being a Londoner. But he loved London
for its size, its concentration of learning,
its freedom from restraint—in a word, for
the social advantages it offered to a man of
spirit and culture. He loved the Strand
and Fleet-street for their taverns, and the
meetings and greetings they offered him.
Was he ever much touched by their beauty?
Did his eye rest afar on the dome of St.
Paul's, glowing in the five-o'clock sunlight
of October? Could he have felt with Mr.
Henley?—

"Lo! the round sun, half-down the western
slope—
Seen as along an unglazed telescope—
Lingers and lolls, loth to be done with day:
Gifting the long, lean, lanky street
And its abounding confluences of being
With aspects generous and bland;
Making a thousand harnesses to shine
As with new ore from some enchanted mine,

And every horse's coat so full of sheen
He looks new-tailored, and every 'bus feels
clean,
And never a hansom but is worth the feeling;
And every jeweller within the pale
Offers a real Arabian Night for sale;
And even the roar
Of the strong streams of toil that pause and
pour

Eastward and westward sounds suffused—
Seems as it were bemused
And blurred and like the speech
Of lazy seas on a lotus-eating beach—
With this enchanted lustrousness,
This mellow magic, that (as a man's career
Brings back to some faded face beloved before
A heavenly shadow of the grace it wore
Ere the poor eyes were minded to beseech)
Old things transfigures, and you hail and
bless
Their looks of long-lapsed loveliness once
more.

Tall Clement's, angular and cold and staid,
Glimmers in glamour's very stuffs arrayed;
And Bride's her airy, unsubstantial charm,
Through flight on flight of springing, soaring
stone

Grown flushed and warm,
Laughs into life high-wooded and fresh-
blown;

And the high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—
Calls to his millions to behold and see
How goodly this his London Town can be!"

Mr. Henley has written so beautifully about
London that he compels quotation. He
knows its morning cleanness, its evening
pensiveness, and its midnight melancholy.
Here is part of a river reverie by night:

"Under a stagnant sky,
Gloom out of gloom uncoiling into gloom,
The River, jaded and forlorn,
Welters and wanders wearily—wretchedly on
Yet in and out among the ribs
Of the old skeleton bridge, as in the piles
Of some dead lake-built city, full of skulls
Worm-worm, rat-riddled, mouldy with
memories,
Lingers to babble to a broken tune
(Once, O the unvoiced music of my heart!)
So melancholy a soliloquy,
It sounds as it might tell
The secret of the unending grief-in-grain,
The terror of Time and Change and Death,
That wastes this floating transitory world."

It is impossible within the limits of a
short article to marshal and illustrate all the
moods in which the beauty and significance
of London are felt by poetical minds to-day.
We will conclude by quoting a short poem
from Mr. Laurence Binyon's *Lyric Poems*,
in which the consolations of London, the
involuntary pity and encouragement she
bestows, are finely touched:

"As I walked through London
The fresh wound burning in my breast
As I walked through London,
Longing to have forgotten, to harden my
heart, and to rest,
A sudden consolation, a softening light
Touched me: the streets alive and bright,
With hundreds each way thronging, on their
tide

Received me, a drop in the stream, unmarked,
unknown.

And to my heart I cried:
Here can thy trouble find shelter, thy wound be
eased!

For see, not thou alone,
But thousands, each with his smart,
Deep-hidden, perchance, but felt in the core of
the heart!

And as to a sick man's feverish veins
The full sponge warmly pressed,
Relieves with its burning the burning fore-
head and hands,
So I to my aching breast
Gathered the griefs of those thousands, and
made them my own;
My bitterest pains
Merged in a tender sorrow, assuaged and
appeased.

London, it is safe to say, will take rich toll of the poets as her enormous life becomes more magnetic. But we suppose that the great song of London will be sung only when she lies in the dust.

PARIS LETTER.

A NEW writer, M. Remy Saint Maurice, has brought a note of freshness into the eternal theme of French fiction. In his powerful and delicate story, *Temple d'Amour*, he presents the eternal situation (this time composed of five instead of the usual three persons of the drama) with a charm, a reticence, a pathos, a freedom from vulgarity and banality, the cynical ferocity of the hour in modern French fiction has almost made us forget as graces of a remote and perfumed past. Not that he ceases for that to be intensely modern. The complexity of the situation, with its moral suffering, its morbid perturbation, its refinement of pain, could only be discovered in our own times. Even half a century ago sin was either more blithe or more lurid than to-day. The lover was tortured by the infidelity or the persistent fidelity of his mistress; either clung to her slavishly or left her without regret, as in either situation there was matter enough for the story-teller. But Stendhal and Bourget discovered new realms of pain and complication, and since then lover and mistress have entered into more poignant and more bitter strife with fatality or their own temperament. The day of the genial rake is over, and the sinner now has developed a terrible, an exasperated and dominating conscience.

M. Saint Maurice's touch is lighter than Bourget's; his analysis less searching, less ponderous and profound. His vision travels through an atmosphere less dense, and there is more of the charm and bright suggestiveness necessary to make the reading of fiction the entertainment it ought to be. He is more of the story-teller and less of the professional psychologist than is Bourget. And he has the art of capturing interest from the start. The exotic flavours of the Isle of Maurice is an added grace. Walmont, the dull and insignificant husband of British origin, is carefully drawn, but tends to the conventional, whereas his brother James, the real hero of the book, deformed and disfigured, is a more original figure. His jealousy of his beautiful creole sister-in-law, whom he has always silently adored, discovers her infidelity to Walmont, and drives him to the desperate act which ends the story, the drowning of himself and Hélène off the Breton coast. These summer scenes of Dinard are delightfully told, and in fine contrast with the unpremeditated

tragedy of the last page. But the novelty of the study consists in the attitude of the lover, Hubert de Clessé, an elegant deputy with a conscience. It is the sight of Hélène's son, George, a lad of nineteen, dropped suddenly from his picturesque island into Parisian society, that fronts him with remorse and hesitation. The innocent lad instantly attaches himself to the elegant Clessé, and is so caressing, so living an image of his mother, that the mother's lover is confounded with a sense of their double iniquity. Hélène's conscience is less unquiet, perhaps, because passion holds her in a firmer grip. The analysis of Clessé's remorse and sufferings is finely shaded, and strikes deep and true. But the character is somewhat effaced—too modern and complex to be strong. He vacillates, succumbs, defends himself regretfully against the encroachments of the creole's passion; seeks refuge now in sentimental dalliance beside a girlish profile, now in trivial flirtation with a brazen coquette; is never sure of himself, never at ease, is wistful and uncertain in his rejection of the love he cannot live without, but always keeps our sympathy through his sincere and delicate affection for Hélène's son. "As soon as you became my son's friend," cries Hélène bitterly to him in their last scene, "you shrank from seeing in me her who loved you. Ah, how different is the heart of man from that of woman!" And he reproaches her with George's likeness to herself, which from the first glance was a mirror wherein he recognised the pitiless impurity of their relations. The style is excellent—not so limpid as French prose can be, not so contorted as it has become. Here and there a detail too much, here and there excessive weight upon a stroke, but a book to welcome cordially.

M. René Doumie is the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and wields a frigid, a direct and honest pen. Of charms he has not a suspicion, of temperament not a hint. But he is a safe grinder, tolerably equipped for his difficult and delicate calling, and possibly none the worse for being so glacial and correct. His new volume of *Études sur la Littérature Française* is an interesting collection of articles that have appeared in the dull and famous "Review," as the members of that bleak house call it. To add "of the two worlds" for them is superfluous. There is but one "Review" in the universe, and it is of "the Two Worlds," possibly indicating this and the next.

M. Doumie is, very properly, an anti-naturalist, and as a lieutenant of the uncompromising M. Brunetière makes lustily for the moribund reputation of the illustrious Zola. It is somewhat late in the day to break a literary stick on that hard skull, but the article reads as an *actualité*, with all the students of Paris clamouring for Zola's blood, not even restraining their indecent shouts of "Spurn Zola" on leaving the cemetery on the day of Daudet's funeral. But as long as the Institute gates may be thought capable of a hospitable movement in Zola's regard, in the esteem of the pontifical Brunetière, it is never too late to say a disagreeable word of the author of *Rome*. Zola's style M. Doumie describes as "of a rare indigence." "Art," he else-

where acutely remarks, "is absent; that is why it lacks life."

"It is less style than nearly style, making us think of those ready-made garments that nearly fit everybody and fit nobody well, too tight for the fat, too wide for the lean. . . . A book of M. Zola's is to literature what the chromo-lithograph is to painting, masonry to architecture, a statue of the Rue St. Sulpice to the sculptor's marble, the bronze of trade to a work of art. It is the novel by the yard, a serial by measure. The introduction of naturalism into the novel is the ruin of art, sent flying by industrial fabrication."

The Goncourts he clean sweeps out of the world of letters, as:

"The *petits-maitres* of the contemporary novel, red-heels of naturalism, artists who have left descriptions in mosaic, books lacquered and varnished with Martin varnish, listeners at doors, who have passed from historical gossip to contemporary scandals, mildly maniacal collectors for whom the occupation of writing and literature also were but a mania."

Their historical knowledge he qualifies as that of "a dressmaker, a butler, or a valet." This is hard on the rivals of Richelieu, the founders of the cracked academy of Auteuil, but M. Doumie is nothing if not hard. It saves him from the surprises and inconsistencies of sympathy.

H. L.

TALES OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

CHILDREN are not what they used to be. The remark has been made often enough concerning real children, but you may see for yourself that it is true of the children of literature. Possibly *Helen's Babies* laid the foundations of popularity for the child who, though not very, very good, is certainly not horrid. Those babies have had many younger brothers and sisters who are far from exemplary; and even Mr. Kenneth Grahame's children, children of the age as they are, indulge in practices of which no well-conducted great-aunt could approve. We have been taught by the literature as well as by the experience of the present day that children may be naughty and yet nice. It was very different in the days when our grandfathers were remarking that our grandmothers were monstrous fine women, by gad; at least, if we may judge from the children's literature that dates from that remote epoch. To-day we expect children to be naughty and to grow up good. In those days, it would appear, children were expected to be blameless. So we gather from a collection of books which were put into the hands of such as chanced to be children in the early part of this century. Take, for example, a book picked from the twopenny box, *Sketches of Young People; or, A Visit to Brighton*, which bears the imprint of Harvey and Darton, and the date 1822. This particular copy was given, as an inscription in an Italian hand tell us, to "Jessie, the gift of dear Granma," and the date of the gift is the date of publication, which shows that Granma was abreast of her time.

"Charles and Caroline Hamilton were one fourteen and the other twelve when they met to congratulate each other on the birth of a sister who had just made her appearance in the world."

So begins chapter one. Charles and Caroline are two very good children, though Caroline has one fault: she suspects that her father prefers boys to girls. But the appearance of Mr. Hamilton disposes of this error, and corrects this fault. He explains to Caroline that "boys require different treatment from girls." For, he continues,

"a modest reserve is most becoming in females; and it would be doing you equal injustice to bring you forward in all companies, as it would be to keep your brother back, while I see that he acts with propriety."

Caroline, aged twelve, is not quite convinced. "You are proud of my brother, papa," she said, "but in *me* you see nothing to value." Mr. Hamilton had his answer ready:

"Home is the sphere of females," he said to twelve-year old Caroline, "and their male relations feel and confess their value when they acknowledge their happiest hours are spent in their society. Though we may wander abroad in search of pleasure or of profit, happiness is found with the least alloy by our own fireside, where the kind attention of our female relatives will lessen our cares, and make us forget the rough asperities of human life."

"Oh! my dear father," exclaimed Caroline, enchanted with the picture he had drawn, "may I hope to deserve such a character?"

She did deserve it. For from page 5 she never gives her father a moment's uneasiness, and there are 180 pages in the book. The father, by the way, was a City merchant, who spent his days in his counting-house. But in the evening, when his tea was removed, "the happy father resigned himself to the luxury of ease and parlour comforts, which can only be enjoyed among affectionate relations, where each finds pleasure in the same employment." He is not, as he confesses, a scholar; but books are one of his parlour comforts—"something light and cheerful." As he well says: "Learned men may laugh at my presumption; but I think I have taste and judgment to admire their beauties, although my morning has been spent in calculating the price of sugar and other staple commodities."

Well, three years pass away, during which Mr. Hamilton enjoys parlour comforts and calculates the price of staple commodities; and then the health of Mrs. Hamilton transports her and Caroline, with Mr. Hamilton and Charles and the reader, to Brighton. On the way Caroline thought she perceived among the Sussex peasants, notwithstanding their rusticity, "a good will towards each other that bespoke the friendliness of their disposition." "So easily is the youthful, unsuspicious mind," remarks the author, "led to declare itself in favour of that which it has not tried." Her mother was equally pessimistic. "Alas!" thought her mother, "she will too soon learn from the experience of others, if not from her own, that appearances are not always to be trusted." At Brighton Mr. Hamilton unbends, and conducts Caroline to a view of the "extended ocean." He even suggests

that she should take a dip, though he puts the suggestion less crudely. "To-morrow morning," he says, "you will see a number of females and children dipping their heads beneath the wave. I would advise you to follow their example while you are here." "I fear I shall want courage," replied Caroline. "Not when you see so many going fearlessly in, and the bright waves, glittering and shining in the morning sun, dancing to receive you. Will you want courage then?" "I must take time to consider of this," said she. "Let me at present admire its wide expanse, and not confine myself to the little waves which roll towards my feet. They remind me of a small extract from Mason's *English Garden*," which she at once quotes. "Some young ladies," interposes the author, "would have come to the sea full fraught with extracts suitable to the occasion." But this was the best Caroline could do. The Pavilion puzzles her, with its incessant cry: "Thank you, madam. Two, three. Pray, madam, take a number." But Mr. Hamilton explains: "This is by some called gambling; it is the loo-table of noted celebrity." And Caroline is appropriately shocked.

Charles's letters—for Charles was engaged for a season in calculating the price of staple commodities—"will amuse some of my young readers," says the author. Charles is full of compliments to his sister, and devotes a postscript to the exclamation: "What can there be in all you females, that we are so at a loss without your society!"

The necessary spice of naughtiness is supplied by Miss Dobson, a young lady with a penurious papa and a passion for French lace, some of which she and her misguided mamma try to smuggle through on the London coach. They are detected, and the penurious papa has to pay. Retribution follows, for Miss Dobson and her mamma "were deprived of every recreation, except what their house and garden at Islington afforded, or occasional visits to their brother's shop." So do our sins bring their own punishment. Finally, however, the shining virtues of Caroline lighten the gloom of the house at Islington—Caroline, who "by mild and gentle remonstrances led her friend to see the error of her conduct."

As for the rest, Mr. Hamilton retired into the country with his wife, where he "cultivated a few fields and his garden," while the affectionate attention of their children rendered their excellent parents happy, and gave to themselves a lasting satisfaction." Charles, moreover, went on calculating the price of staple commodities, and "by his unremitting attention and respectable conduct, the credit of their house remained undiminished, and his own reputation became thoroughly established."

So ends the book—a book thumb-marked and dog-eared by childish hands that have long ago withered, wasted, and vanished; and when you reflect that this was the sort of book your grandmother had to read, you will wonder that your grandmother was such a delightful old lady.

C. R.

THE WEEK.

IT goes without saying that the output of new books during the last week has been small and unimportant. But we have received from the Fine Art Society a very handsome folio of reproductions of drawings and studies by the late Lord Leighton. This is neither small (it measures 17 in. by 14 in.) nor unimportant, whether considered as a book for the studio or for the drawing-room.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. By the late Mrs. Randle Charles S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.

THE LESSONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. ILLUSTRATED BY THOUGHTS IN VERSE. Compiled by the Rev. J. H. Wanklyn. Vol. VIII. Beirrose & Sons.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE NAVY RECORDS SOCIETY: VOL. X., LETTERS AND PAPERS RELATING TO THE WAR WITH FRANCE, 1812-1813. By Alfred Spont. The Navy Records Society. For subscribers only.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL. By the Rev. Edmund Venables. Isbister & Co.

CARLYLE ON BURNS. By John Muir. Wm. Hodge & Co. (Glasgow).

POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD. By Charles B. Newcomb. The Philosophical Publishing Company (Boston).

ART.

DRAWINGS AND STUDIES. By the late Lord Leighton. Strutton, P.R.A. The Fine Art Society.

NEW EDITIONS OF NOVELS.

THE ROMANCES OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS, NEW SERIES: SYLVANDRE. MONSIEUR DE CHAUVAILLE'S WILL. AGÉNOR DE MAULÉON.

EDUCATIONAL.

FIRST YEAR OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE. By Paul Bert. Revised edition. Relfe Bros. 3s.

THE STUDENTS' SERIES OF LATIN CLASSES. M. TULLI Ciceronis, Laelius de Amicitia. With Notes by Charles E. Dennett. Leach, Shewell, & Sanborn (Boston, &c., U.S.A.).

JUVENILE BOOKS.

ENGLISH HISTORY FOR CHILDREN. By Mrs. Frederick Bore. James Nisbet & Co. 2s. 6d. PHILIPPA'S ADVENTURES IN UPSIDEDOWN LAND. By Laura Lucie Finlay. Digby, Long & Co. 1s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALOUIN CLUB TRACTS: I., THE ORNAMENTS OF THE RUBRIC. By J. T. Micklethwaite, F.S.A. Longmans Green & Co. 5s.

DRAMA.

"SEASONABLE" ENTERTAINMENTS.

HOW misleading statistics may be is curiously shown by the returns of pantomime this season for London and Greater London respectively. We know how the statistician deals with such a case. He takes the amount of pantomime provided at the West-end theatres—which, theatrically speaking, constitute London proper—and compares it with the same class of entertainment as given at theatres just within or without the four-mile radius, finally showing the proportion of both per thousand of the population. By this method

—and the statistician knows no other—some startling results would be brought out. It would be shown, for example, that whereas the taste for pantomime in inner London remained limited and stationary, in outer London it was extensive, and growing by leaps and bounds; seeing that while two pantomimes suffice for the former area, the latter requires some five or six and twenty, or fully one-third more than last year. Of course this is all illusory; it only shows what could be done with statistics if one liked. In point of fact, the Drury Lane "Babes in the Wood" and Mr. Oscar Barrett's "Cinderella" at the Garrick are productions that serve for London at large and, perhaps, a little for the country too. As for the increased production of pantomime in the suburban theatres that is due to the fact that the theatres themselves have become more numerous, and because the ordinary manager has no idea of a Christmas and New Year entertainment other than that of tradition. Not only is pantomime *de rigueur* at this season, but year after year it continues to be written on the same model. Half-a-dozen familiar nursery tales are the stock-in-trade of the librettist. With endless iteration the changes are rung upon Cinderella, Dick Whittington, the Babes in the Wood, Aladdin, Sinbad, and the rest. Let the treatment be as varied and ingenious as you please, within the limits assigned to it, the sameness of subject and style must in the end become tiresome even to the children themselves.

WELL, the lane has been a long one, but the turning, I fancy, is at length in sight. The Drury Lane pantomime this year differs in some important respects from its predecessors. To be sure, the librettist sets to work upon the usual nursery fable, and for some little distance the conventional lines of treatment are faithfully followed. Good spirits and demons dispute with each other the control of the hero and heroine's destinies; there is the usual allowance of giants, gnomes, and fairies; the haunted wood is peopled with all the familiar monsters; the wicked uncle is to the fore in conjunction with his hireling cut-throats, Bill and Will. But the adventures of the Babes as known to nursery legend do not furnish material for more than half the evening's entertainment. After the murderers have quarrelled and fled, and the birds have performed the kindly office of covering the Babes with leaves, these little waifs sleep the sleep of—Rip Van Winkle. In short, the second half of the pantomime, although in form a sequel to the first, is in reality a wholly different entertainment, resembling in its main features the "musical comedy" or extravaganza popularised by Mr. Arthur Roberts. The Babes are no longer the Babes; they have attained to what the cynic calls their years of indiscretion, and are discovered leading a fast and horsey life about town, in as many capacities as those fertile comedians Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Herbert Campbell can invent for them.

Or the impersonation of the Babes *quod* Babes this is hardly the place to speak. Mr. Dan Leno, in a little school-boy jacket,

and the burly Mr. Herbert Campbell, disguised in gold ringlets and a pink pinafore, are a couple of amusing drolls, whom long association in Drury Lane pantomime has taught to play up to each other with excellent effect. But, unquestionably, the important feature of Mr. Arthur Collins's first pantomime is "the sequel." What a vista it opens up of the after-lives of all the heroes and heroines of nursery lore! The precocious child often wonders what happened to Jack the Giant Killer after slaying his enemy, to Cinderella after marriage, to Dick Whittington as Lord Mayor, to Aladdin after besting the magician and regaining possession of the wonderful lamp. Perhaps the pantomime librettist of the future will tell him, and then, if the Drury Lane precedent be followed, the Christmas pantomime will merge into the variety entertainment, with the chief comedian playing as many parts as the melancholy Jaques assigned to life itself.

CERTAINLY the time is ripe for a change of this kind, which is perhaps fuller of possibilities than it looks. The conventional Christmas pantomime has had a long career—longer than most of the various phases of the drama—the poetic, the romantic, the farcical, the realistic, &c.—enjoy. Originally the harlequinade, which attained its zenith in the days of Grimaldi, was the thing. The nursery fable served then as the opening to the antics of clown and pantaloon, who were ushered in by the transformation scene. Then "the opening" gradually extended, pushing the harlequinade into the background; and when the late Augustus Harris took up the work of production, with his unique faculty for *mise-en-scène*, the clown and his fellows sank further and further into obscurity. Grimaldi had no successors of his own calibre; but a long line of clowns followed in his footsteps, zealous exponents of the hot poker and the buttered slide which he invented. Almost the last of the race was the late Harry Payne, long associated with Drury Lane. He lived to see the practical extinction of the old-fashioned harlequinade, for which there was no room in the gorgeous Christmas spectacles of the Harris régime. Now the spectacular pantomime itself goes into the limbo; and there seems to be about to arise in its place the musical comedy, extravaganza, or go-as-you-please variety piece, to which the name of burlesque still clings. Truly the reflections of the elderly pantomime-goer are not all *coulour-de-rose*. The pantomime of his youth is only a memory. That of his manhood is disappearing. We are now in a transition stage. The latest Drury Lane pantomime is a blend of the old and the new, with the new decidedly predominating, and this tendency is likely to increase: for the one constant law of the drama in all its branches is change.

If change were not at work in pantomime itself, the popularity of this traditional form of Christmas entertainment would be threatened by the sort of "seasonable" fare which happens to be provided at Terry's Theatre. This is a selection of the children's tales of Hans Christian Andersen

—"Big Claus and Little Claus," "The Princess and the Swineherd," "The Emperor's New Clothes," and "The Soldier and the Tinder-box"—adapted by Mr. Basil Hood, and set to music by Mr. Walter Slaughter. Little gems these pieces are, purely fanciful effusions that transport the denizen of the workaday world into a delightful Toyland, where everything happens as in story books. It is long since anything so pretty and charming has been seen on the stage, for between them the librettist and the composer have succeeded in reproducing these exquisite fables with all their original savour. The various little tales are not of equal merit. The rivalry in love of Big Claus and Little Claus smacks a little of Boccaccio; the moral atmosphere of the story is somewhat thick for children. But the Swineherd with his magic pipe, to which everyone who hears it must dance; the Emperor with his invisible coat; the soldier with his tinder-box, which proves as powerful a talisman as Aladdin's lamp; and the wooden soldiers who have replaced the real soldiers in this marvellous kingdom of Nowhere—all these are creations in which young and old alike may revel. It is strange that Andersen should not be better known to theatre goers than he is. The Terry Theatre *matinées* are a promising instalment of a class of dramatic entertainment of which we have had too little. Of course Andersen is not exhaustible; but next we can have Planché, and perhaps Andrew Lang. After which a new dealer in fairy stories may find the stage worth his attention.

J. F. N.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE CHRISTMAS TRADE.

IT is always interesting to know the results of a harvest, be it agricultural or otherwise; and we have obtained from a number of booksellers brief reports of their experiences last week. Here they are:

LONDON (STRAND).

The Christmas trade has been as good as usual in small books, but not so satisfactory in larger, with a few exceptions. These have been most in demand:

Memoir of Tennyson.
Norway's Highways and Byways of Devon and Cornwall.
Deeds that Won the Empire.
More Tramps Abroad.
More Beasts for Worse Children.
Sixty Years a Queen.
Holmes's Life of the Queen.
Captains Courageous.
Jones's Rock-Climbing.
Watson's The Hope of the World.
Eugene Field's Lullaby Land.
Lucas's Book of Verses for Children.

LONDON (OXFORD STREET).

On the whole, we have had a good Christmas trade, although it has been a season of small things. There has been a run upon:

Memoir of Tennyson.
Palgrave's Golden Treasury.
Deeds that Won the Empire.
Lucas's Book of Verses for Children.
Keats, illustrated by Anning Bell.

LONDON (HOLBORN).

Business has been uniformly good this Christmas. The demand has been for:

Memoir of Tennyson.
Creighton's Shires.
Holmes's Life of Queen Victoria.
Keats, Illustrated by Anning Bell.
Lucas's Book of Verses for Children.
The "Bab" Ballads (new edition).
Drummond's Ideal Life.
Captains Courageous.
Nicholson's Alphabet.

DARLINGTON.

AN excellent season. The following have sold best:

Holmes's Life of Queen Victoria.
Life of Lord Tennyson.
Roberts's Forty-one Years in India.
Farthest North.
Westcott's Christian Aspects of Life.
In Kedar's Tents.
Captains Courageous.
Deeds that Won the Empire.
Montessor's At the Cross Roads.
The Pink Fairy Book.
The Vege-men's Revenge
Adventures of Sir Toady Lion.

LEEDS.

THE "runs" during Christmas week here were on these books:

Watson's Potter's Wheel.
Drummond's Ideal Life.
Miller's Personal Friendships.
The Beth Book.
Tennyson's Poems.
Ian Maclaren's A Doctor of the Old School.

LEICESTER.

As a rule, parcels were smaller this year than last, but the number was much greater. These sold best:

Deeds that Won the Empire.
Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.
Captains Courageous.
Nicholson's Alphabet and Sports.

BIRMINGHAM.

The Christmas bookselling season was a good one, the demand being principally for popular fiction for presents for adults, and the usual annuals and fine art coloured books for children. The large demands were for:

Tennyson's Life.
Forty-one Years in India.
Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.
Ruskin's Modern Painters (new edition).
Deeds that Won the Empire.
Novels by Merriman, Crockett, and Rosa Carey.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Christmas bookselling season in Cambridge has been on the whole very fair. There has been a steady demand for well-illustrated books and popular novels. The only book on which there has been any considerable "run" is *More Beasts for Worse Children*.

CHELTENHAM.

The books most in demand last week were:

Lord Tennyson's Life.
Forty-one Years in India.
Sixty Years a Queen.
The Jubilee Book of Cricket.

Deeds that Won the Empire.
In Kedar's Tents.
Doctor of the Old School.
Sir Toady Lion.
All Mrs. Steele's Books, New and Old.
Watson's The Potter's Wheel.

CHESTER.

The general trade was good; and these sold well:

The Jubilee Book of Cricket.
Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.
Master Skylark.
Deeds that Won the Empire.

CARDIFF.

The book sales this Christmas have been fairly satisfactory, especially for:

Life of Tennyson.
The Beth Book.
St. Ives.
Lang's Pink Fairy Book.
The Christian.
Rudyard Kipling's Works.
Deeds that Won the Empire.
Nister's Toy-Books.

BRISTOL.

Sales much as usual. Very little at a higher price than 6s. No remarkable runs; but Stevenson and Crockett showed great vitality.

EXETER.

Trade not quite up to the average. The most popular books here were:

Nicholson's Alphabet and Sports.
Mrs. Browning's Poetical Works.
Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.
Captains Courageous.
The "Bab" Ballads (new edition).

BOURNEMOUTH.

The season has been very fair, but heavy price sets and expensive books have sold scarcely at all. The demand here has been for these:

Captains Courageous.
The Seven Seas.
Watson's Potter's Wheel.
Memoir of Tennyson.
Drummond's Ideal Life.
Henty's new books.
Eugene Field's Lullaby Land.
Crockett's Sir Toady Lion.
William Watson's Hope of the World.
St. Ives.
In Kedar's Tents.
Mrs. Browning's Poems.
Norway's Highways and Byways of Devon and Cornwall.

BRIGHTON.

Speaking generally, the season for books has not been a good one, and there has been no special run, but a decided increase in "annuals" is noted.

DUBLIN.

We are happy to be able to report favourably on the Christmas bookselling here. The most striking feature is that no particular book had a great run, with the exception, perhaps, of *Life of John Nicholson* and *Deeds that Won the Empire*. For the latter the demand far exceeded the supply. Lord Roberts's book is still in great request.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "AUTHOR'S" FIGURES.

SIR,—I am sorry to have to destroy an illusion of Sir Walter Besant's. I am not a reader of the *Author*. I do not think I have seen more than two numbers in my life. I again repeat that I should not have paid one second's attention to any statement made in its columns had not that statement been reproduced by the ACADEMY. It is true that several years ago I had some correspondence and one or two interviews with Sir Walter Besant. I had seen, by chance, a number of the *Author*, and I pointed out in a friendly and good-humoured way the baselessness of many statements made therein; in especial, I proved by *a + b* how utterly inexact was the assertion that publishers always recovered their outlay and never made any losses. That statement and others of which I complained have since been repeated in the *Author* without one word of qualification. Sir Walter Besant says that he cannot understand my change of attitude. Here is the explanation. Nothing is easier, even to the most careful and fair-minded man, than to make mistakes of fact, and then to base upon them unfounded charges. But when the mistakes have been corrected the careful and fair-minded man does not reproduce them, and he withdraws or apologises for the charge.

I will be as brief as possible in dealing with Sir Walter Besant's answer to my criticism of his *comptes fantastiques*. He entirely fails to understand the nature of the charge I make against the *Author*. A young writer acquaints it with a proposal made by a publisher (it now seems that it was one the latter "had a perfect right to make"). Instead of testing the proposal, as could easily have been done by submitting the MS. to another firm for publication upon commission, the result of which test might conceivably have been to amply justify the *Author's* strictures, a series of pure assumptions respecting the cost of production of the work in question is made, and those assumptions are used as evidence in the *Author's* campaign against the publishing trade. I challenge those assumptions, and assert that they run counter to the probabilities of the case, and that they imply on the part of the *Author* "unfair animus or gross and negligent carelessness." Sir Walter defends those assumptions. The only result of his defence is to convince me that my strictures upon the *Author's* methods of controversy erred, if anything, upon the side of undue mildness.

The *Author* assumes that the work in question (published at 6s.) would run to 272 pages. I assumed that it would run to 388 pages. Sir Walter triumphantly cites five books which average 248 pages. Well, two out of his five examples (*Many Cargoes* and *A Prisoner of Zenda*) are three-and-sixpenny books. Is it also carelessness which makes him overlook the unfairness of comparing works by the most popular novelists of the day with that of a young and untried writer? Let the comparison stand, however, but then

let it be carried through completely. The *Author* assumes the figure of £14 for advertising in its imaginary balance-sheet. Does Sir Walter really believe that the advertising bill of *The Light that Failed* or *A Window in Thrums* was only £14?

Meanwhile, I can only admire the lucky chance which led Sir Walter to take down from his shelves precisely those three six-shilling novels which support the *Author's* assumptions. I go into the nearest book-seller's and look at a number of six-shilling novels most in demand: *The Christian* (474 pp.); *The Beth Book* (536 pp.); *The Gadfly* (390 pp.); *The Sorrows of Satan* (488 pp.); *Phroso* (with illustrations, 452 pp.); *Noëmi* (with numerous illustrations, 368 pp.). As a simple matter of fact, the half-a-dozen most popular six-shilling novels issued by Mr. Heinemann between August and November of this year average 399 pages; the first forty numbers on Messrs. Methuen's list of six-shilling novels average 380 pages, and many of them are freely illustrated. In many of these cases, too (e.g., *The Beth Book*), the number of words to the page considerably exceeds the *Author's* assumption of 282.

I do not wish to take up the ACADEMY's space by showing that the other assumptions made by the *Author* in order to arrive at its imaginary balance-sheet are just as reliable as the one I have examined. One assertion, however, is too characteristic to be passed over. I pointed out that the *Author* made no allowance for review and presentation copies, and I estimated them at 100. Sir Walter asserts that only 40 would be used, and that this number would come out of the "overs." I can assure him that the nominal "overs" do little more than compensate for the inevitable "shorts" on a long number. On an edition of 1,500 I should think myself lucky to get a clear 12 or 15 over the nominal number (on an edition of 500 copies, which I have just issued, I get one over), and these have to be reserved against the inevitable chapter of accidents, returns of damaged copies, &c., the loss entailed by which would otherwise fall upon the book.

There only remains one point. Sir Walter Besant accuses me of not deducting free copies from the author's royalty share; this is a mistake, as can be seen by reference to my letter. I do, however, interpret the agreement differently from him: it provided that royalties should accrue only after the sale of 100 copies. I take it they would then be retrospective. I may be mistaken, as the wording is ambiguous; so, too, may Sir Walter.

I think the facts are set forth fully enough for any fair-minded man to form an opinion. Apart, however, from any dispute as to questions of fact, I again protest that it is not right to base charges against third persons upon mere assumptions, even if those assumptions were infinitely better supported than in the present case.

ALFRED NUTT.

Dec. 27, 1897.

SIR,—When Sir Walter Besant's chimeras swamp the pages of his own little monthly pamphlet they are best left to the

neglect and oblivion they court and get, but when they blazon forth in your respected columns, and strut about blatantly in their naked ignorance, they must at least "be put into their proper place."

It is the poor six-shilling novel whose cause its quixotic knight gives away so completely this time that it can never, never again trust its honour to Sir Walter's valour. To prove his case he cites among five examples of six-shilling books two which are not six-shilling books at all, but three-and-sixpenny ones; and for the rest of them their size (by the yard) is about as fair as if you took our own "Bobs's" inches as a proper computation of the average height of the British soldier. Not only does he neglect, in getting his average, the gigantic dimensions of the Life-Guardsman, but he drags in naïvely—shall we say?—the *mignonne vivandière*.

Let him return, Mr. Editor, to his own quarters. He will be safer there, and, anyhow, he will be out of the sight of those who know.

WM. HEINEMANN.

Dec. 29, 1897.

HEINRICH HEINE.

SIR,—Our admiration for Heine should not make us forget his cruel behaviour towards a fellow-poet, Platen by name, with whom he had quarrelled, and who thereupon called him a vile Jew. The revenge Heine took for the offence is an ugly blot upon his character; and Platen died broken-hearted. When Heine was asked by the Hungarian writer Kertbeny whether he really believed all the horrors he had published about him in his *Reisebilder*, he coolly replied:

"Not a bit of it, and I consider Platen to have been one of our most important poets (bedeutenden Dichter). only, you see, I had to protect my legs from the bites of all sorts of curs and I seized the biggest of them all, skinned him as Apollo skinned Marsyas, dragging his corpse before the footlights to discourage the others from attacking me. Besides which, this Platen was such an arrogant fellow! He would call me a Jew although I more than once requested him not to do so. And so in my turn I called him a——" (Word untranslatable.)

Is it a fact that Heine killed the Suabian school of poetry? That school was hardly worth his steel, for it only produced one great poet, Ludwig Uhland, whose lyrics, however, will live as long as the *Buch der Lieder*. Heine could not have killed him had he tried. He did better than that, he imitated him. Uhland's influence upon the younger poet is distinctly discernible.

THOMAS DELTA.

Dec. 27, 1897.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"His Grace of THE critics all find fault Osmonde," with Mrs. Burnett's hero for By Frances being faultless. Says the *Chronicle*:

"From almost the hour of his birth the Duke is an epitome of all the virtues associated, by idealists, with the name 'gentleman.' He was

a fine baby, a beautiful boy, as a man a sort of blend of Adonis and the Admirable Crichton. Throughout the book he never does one wrong thing or harbours one reprehensible thought. He is a gallant soldier and a favourite of Marlborough, but he loves not war; he is a passionate lover, but as pure as ice; a brilliant swordsman, a model landlord—in fact, everything that he ought to be except interesting. For that deficiency naught can atone; and we confess we should have thought Mrs. Burnett to be too true an artist not to know that mere virtue, like mere vice, is insufficient to give attractiveness to a character in fiction."

The *Westminster Gazette* agrees:

"In short, his perfection is a little tiresome; we long for him to break out in some manner not quite correct, to show character, to become human."

The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Scotsman* are more merciful, and the former finds the portrait of Lord Roxholm anything but tedious.

The *Daily News* critic is very severe on the relation of the book to its predecessor, *A Lady of Quality*: "The book is not a sequel to, it is in the main a repetition of, its predecessor"; and he agrees that "to an unregenerate critic, so perfect a man [as his Grace of Osmonde] is uninteresting and unconvincing."

The *Standard* agrees that as a sequel to *A Lady of Quality* the book is a failure:

"Mrs. Hodgson Burnett seems to be infatuated with her own heroine, Clorinda Wildairs, and no less with that lady's lover, who in the former book arrived an hour too late on the occasion of the betrothment. This has blinded her to the fact that sequels are usually mistakes, and that this book is no exception to the rule. We had had enough of Clorinda, and of her second husband, too, so that 'His Grace of Osmonde' (One Vol., Warne) comes as an anti-climax, and one that falls extraordinarily flat. Mrs. Burnett has nothing to tell—nothing that is new, at least. She introduces some minor characters, or, rather, we will say, some other characters, seeing that Marlborough is among them; but they only hang about the book, and do nothing that was worth the telling or doing, as it is done and told here. . . . This book must be a matter of real regret to Mrs. Burnett's admirers; the result is only wasted time for writer and readers."

On Mrs. Burnett's style the *Daily Chronicle* has these remarks:

"The attempt to write in the literary method of the last century is feeble at best, and for the most part intensely irritating. When, for instance, the characters say 'twas' and 'twould' and 'twere' we don't mind so very much, though we wish they would refrain; but when the author herself 'twases' and 'twoulds' us all over every page we get thoroughly savage and feel an almost irresistible desire to break things."

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			1897.		JOHN MILTON	"	27
SAMUEL RICHARDSON	January	2	WILLIAM COWPER	April	3
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ROBERT SOUTHEY	"	30	FELLOW	"	
					ANDREW MARVELL	May	1
					ROBERT BROWNING	"	8
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					CHARLES DICKENS	"	29
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